

# The War Cry

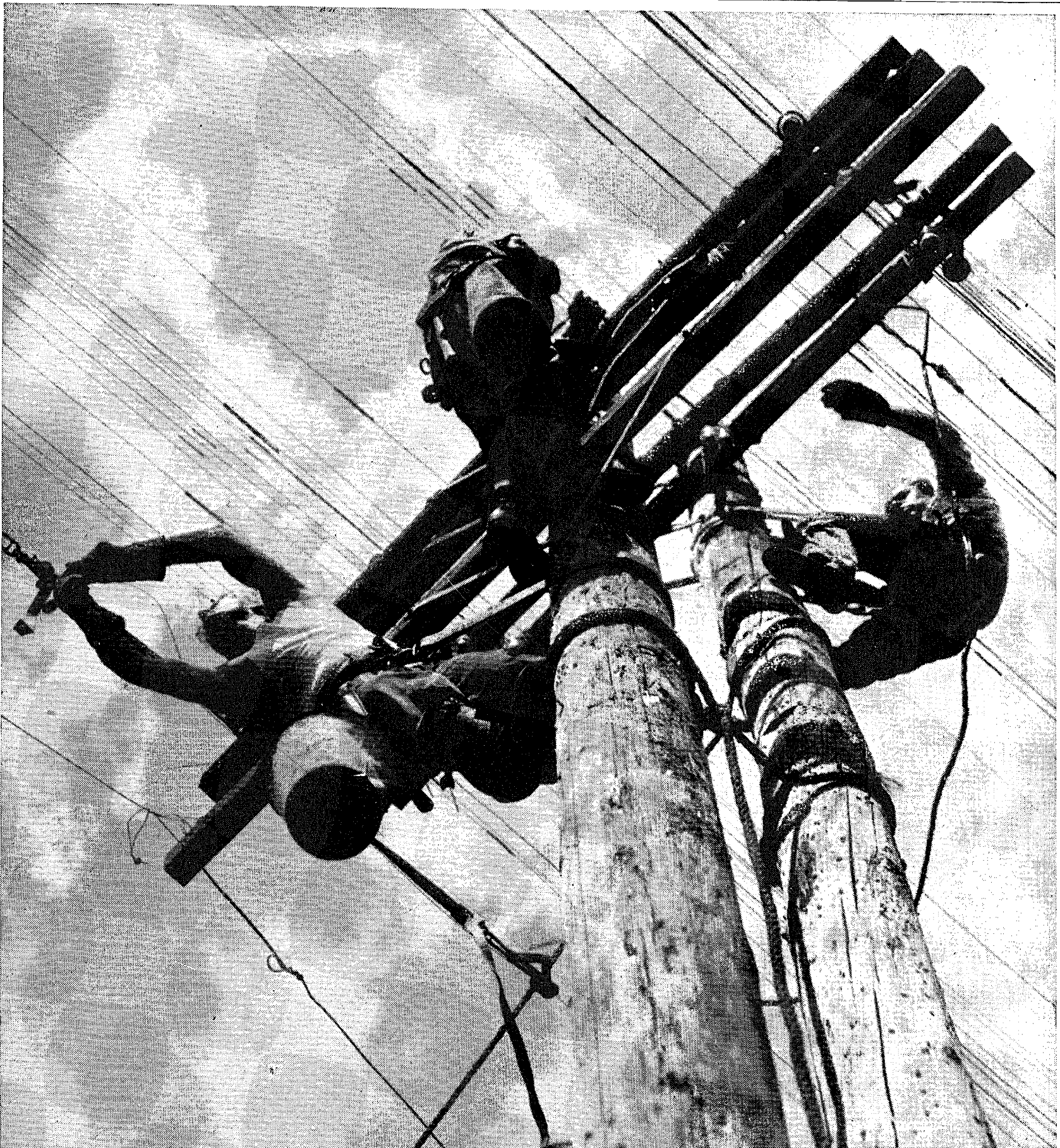


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## WHILE OTHERS SLEEP

ON LABOUR DAY WE HONOUR ALL TOILERS, ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO, LIKE THE MAIL-CARRIERS "DARE HEAT AND COLD, RAIN AND SLEET" AND DESPISE THEIR COMFORT SO LONG AS WORK REMAINS TO BE DONE. READ "THE BLESSING OF HARD WORK" (page three).

*BRAVE men, who work while others sleep,  
Who dare while others fly—  
They build a nation's pillars deep  
And lift them to the sky.*

*Not gold, but only men can make  
A people great and strong—  
Men who, for truth and honour's sake  
Stand fast and suffer long.* — Ralph Waldo Emerson

# EDITORIALS

ON TOPICS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE IN THE MORAL AND SPIRITUAL REALM

## Cure For Vandalism

THERE is a small but acceptable open space close by the editorial offices and printing plant, known as *Allan Gardens*. In earlier days it was a much patronized horticultural centre and was the scene of annual exhibitions which were attended by the elite of the rapidly-growing city of Toronto. Adjacent Jarvis Street was then the "Park Lane" of the community. It is now occupied by large old residences, hotels, great apartment blocks and business offices. The giant tower and adjoining buildings of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation dominate the scene. The thoroughfare is busy with traffic all the day long and best part of the night. Now that many decrepit dwellings have been demolished it bids fair to become one of the most prominent business highways of Metropolitan Toronto.

Walking along Jarvis Street in the section referred to a member of the editorial department recently made a detour through the park, in which commendable efforts on the part of the authorities have resulted in a most gratifying improvement. The change perchance might offer material for an editorial article, the stroller thought to himself, and sure enough he found it. Rounding a corner he came across a large sign spread across a trio of mutilated newly-planted trees reading, "THIS IS VANDALISM! SENSELESS WASTE". The sign was erected by the park renovators as a mute lesson to all who might pass that way, including any who might entertain depredatory thoughts.

## Decline of Moral Principles

There has been a lot of this sort of thing going on ever since the close of the last war, not only in Canadian cities but all over the world. Every now and then an epidemic of vandalism and violence breaks out afresh, seemingly difficult to stem. Experts, or so-called experts, offer conflicting explanations and remedies, some recommending harsh measures for offenders, if caught; some education, and some prescribing psychiatrist treatment. Few appear to attribute the cause to a dearth of knowledge and practice of the Ten Commandments, and to the plain inculcating of religious principles.

Salvationists believe, and will always do so while bearing the name, that the root cause of ill-practice is sin, and that the true remedy is in Christ, the Saviour and Cleanser of human souls. Put the heart right and overt acts automatically disappear.

Wise is the man who, when he knows not what to say, remembers not to say it.

The world would be better if people would let opportunity do all the knocking.

PAGE TWO

## The Bible In Parliament

IT must take real moral courage to rise in the House of Commons and introduce a spiritual note. In an atmosphere redolent of finance, agriculture, pipe-lines and other non-religious matters it must seem to some like an intrusion to speak of anything that can't be seen or handled or made the subject of an inquiry. That is why it was all the more pleasing to note, in *Hansard*, a reference made to the Word of God by the one Salvationist member—Bandmaster Walter Dinsdale.

### A Scriptural Parable

Mr. Dinsdale was making a contribution in the debate about the Middle East crisis, and he felt he could not use a better illustration than a Biblical one. Realizing that the unrest in that region stems from an upsurge of nationalism—typical of all parts of the world this last few years—the speaker said:

In every generation, the record of history tells us that there are times of social change and social confusion. In fact, if we were to go back to the beginning of the record in Scripture, we would find in the opening verses of the

Book of Genesis a description of the beginning of things which would tell us that the pattern that has unfolded since that time has been typical of the situation in human affairs. We are told that in the beginning God created the world. Then, the words go on to say: And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep.

Finally we are given a ray of hope: And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, let there be light: and there was light.

In that second verse I think we have a very apt description of the situation confronting those of us in the twentieth century, namely that the affairs of men are without form and void and darkness is brooding over the face of the earth. The events of recent days and of recent years have definitely demonstrated that there is continuing chaos and confusion.

May our statesmen realize more than ever that not only are valuable analogies to be found in Holy Writ, but direct guidance as well. Wise men of all generations have searched the Scriptures to find light and understanding, and they have never been disappointed.

(Continued foot column 4)

## THE PENETRATING FINGER

AWAY BACK IN THE EARLIEST TIMES the Bible speaks of "the finger of God." That finger is still the most powerful force in existence, for it is the power that moves all other forces, some of which are only just now coming to the notice of mankind. That same finger penetrates the various "barriers" enumerated by the artist and goes directly to the heart of man—in which are "the issues of life." It is there that God makes His dwelling WHEN INVITED.



## SATURATION POINT?

AMONG disappearing Americana is the Sunday driver. He used to worry pastors as much as TV does today, but most people agree with the thoughts expressed by "Grit" feature columnist, Karl Flaster, who writes poetically thus:

"Some years ago it was a pleasure to take a ride on Sunday afternoon. What memories we fondly treasure of times that ended all too soon. We'd chug along the new-paved highway as far as 30 miles or more. And sometimes take a quiet by-way that wound through woods down to the shore. To drive was peaceful relaxation before the super-highways came. But we've become a speedy nation, and Sundays just don't seem the same.

"For now while driving folks go charging, at speeds of sixty miles an hour, along the highways wildly barging; weird worshippers of speed and power. I don't indulge in Sunday scooting. Relaxed, on my porch swing, I lie. And hearken to the sirens hooting on ambulances whizzing by!"

—The War Cry, New York

## ROCKED THE CRADLE

ONE mid-night a telegram was thrust into the hand of a young English officer. It read; "Are you willing to go to Australia instead of America?" and was signed "Bramwell Booth."

The reply was in the affirmative and the General had a talk with the young officer before he left for the Antipodes.

"Did you ever rock the cradle at home, my boy?" he asked.

"Yes, General, often," was the reply.

"Well you are going to rock the cradle of a new nation, see that you do it well."

Seventeen years later Major Williams (later Lt.-Colonel) returned to England on Army business. He found that his first convert had "stuck to it," as he said he would. He had become the corps sergeant-major and a power for good in the town.—The War Cry, Australia

(Continued from column 3)

No less a personage than the Governor of Cyprus, Sir Hugh Foot, is a firm believer in the Bible, and the present cessation of terrorism is, we believe, directly due to prayer and faith. Sir Hugh's father — also a staunch Christian — telegraphed his son recently from Cornwall:

FOOT, GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CYPRUS: SEE SECOND CORINTHIANS FOUR VERSES EIGHT AND NINE. On Cyprus, Sir Hugh Foot opened his Bible to the passage his father, Isaac, had indicated:

We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.

From Cyprus to his father, a seventy-eight-year old Methodist lay preacher, Sir Hugh replied: FOOT, CORNWALL: CORNWALL: SEE ROMANS FIVE VERSES THREE AND FOUR.

And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope.

If the leaders of the nations called for world-prayer at this crucial juncture, surely God would intervene — as He has done in bygone crises — and resolve even the most difficult situation.

THE WAR CRY

# The Blessing Of Hard Work

LABOUR DAY is in danger of losing its significance, like so many holidays — and becoming just another long weekend at the lake. It might be helpful to remind ourselves that it was inaugurated by American Knights of Labour in 1882, held a parade in New York, and, two years later, recommended that all branches of the union hold similar parades on the first Monday in September. It was not a legal holiday in the States until 1894, and has spread to many nations of the world. Its objective was to let the whole world know that the workingman was no longer a "serf" to be dismissed with impunity, but a powerful force in the life of the nation. Nowadays, Labour Day seems to have superseded our Day as a time when the worker — especially in the Communist countries — "goes on parade," the September holiday is a "day and little else."

There was a time when the position of the labourer was a simple accepted fact — someone had to do the menial tasks, and the poor was glad enough to accept a few pennies — or even his board — in exchange. For centuries this system worked well. The toiler was content and even happy with his little cottage on his feudal lord's estate, and was not troubled with dreams of envy or avarice. He realized he was a serf and to aspire to anything more was not only foolish, but almost impossible.

## A Violent Change

The advent of machinery spoiled the idyll. Mass production meant enormous profits for those who had money to invest in machines that would turn out cloth, dishes or pots and pans, and a change came over the scene. The old leisurely pace gave way to the feverish rush and the life of modern life, and the worker began to feel he was simply a tool used to enrich his factory owner — and the vague hosts of shareholders.

It was only the few greedy owners who ruined the picture. Some capitalists were Christ-like in their dealings with their employees. They provided decent working conditions and fair wages for their toilers, took an interest in their health and happiness and did not regard them as mere "profit-makers." Others callously exploited the poor, and were utterly indifferent as to whether they lived or died here were plenty more willing to take their places. Some were so vicious in their mad scramble for money — more money — that they only used up all the adult labour, but took on children to slave from dawn to dark — blighting the

innocent lives of thousands in their wicked lust for money. No wonder there was a mighty upsurge of indignation which reached such proportions that, today, it has placed the workman in the position formerly occupied by the owners!

It is hard to realize that it was as recently as 1802 that the first law in England was passed to make the conditions of child-workers more "pleasant" — their hours were limited to twelve a day. Lord Shaftesbury — one of the upper classes, yet one with a heart — toiled ceaselessly to improve working conditions and, in 1833, had a law passed whereby factories and mines had to be regularly inspected. Even so, the law still allowed children of nine years of age to work! In 1842 the law stopped children under fourteen years from working underground, but it was not until 1901 — a century from the time agitation first started — that it was possible to reduce the age of child-workers to eleven years, raising it to fourteen in 1920. This refers to England, of course; the problem of very young workers did not seem to be as acute in Canada or the States.

The formation of the Knights of Labour, referred to in the opening

## A MESSAGE FOR WORKMEN AND EMPLOYERS

paragraph, appears to be the first attempt to form — in 1869 — a trade union, and it was done secretly for fear of owner-opposition. Coming out into the open a few years later it was the fore-runner of a chain of unions, some of which have attained truly monstrous proportions. In some cases another tyranny has merely taken the place of the old regime. When we hear of gangster methods being employed to enforce rules (or, worse still, merely to bolster the misdeeds and greed of the head man of some of the unions) it makes us realize that a rot has set in that can only end in the ruination of what was once a necessary and useful system. Some unions and their leaders are above-board, and deal fairly with their bosses and members, but the scandals that have hit the headlines in recent years show that a drastic house-cleaning will have to take place if the respect of the "man in the street" is to be recovered. **The realization that the union exists not only for the benefit of the members but to ensure good workmanship for the owners, must be emphasized.**

Labour troubles are by no means the sole possession of this century. John the Baptist — appealed to for

JEAN FRANCIS MILLET loved to portray the French peasants, as they toiled in the fields. Here two of them are seen trudging to work. Another picture entitled "Vespers" shows them, the man with his hat off, and the woman with head bowed, worshipping as the church bells' chimes echo across the wheat field from the distant village. Work and worship should go together. The old Latin tag should be revived: **LABORARE EST ORARE** — to work is to pray!



guidance in conduct by those who had been aroused by his preaching — advised the publicans to exact no more than was right, and urged the soldiers to be content with their wages, implying that their dissatisfaction with what they earned was widely known. Jesus did not sidestep the question of labour relations in His teaching, although He showed His loathing of money-makers and hoarders by many rebukes at the idle rich, and by urging the wealthy young ruler to sell his possessions

these leaders leave no stone unturned to see they obtain them for those to whom they are responsible. They find that sweet reasonableness and good faith are greater weapons than tear-gas bombs and other violence.

May this Labour Day see better relationships between capital and labour, and continuing prosperity across the land.—H.P.W.

## THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT

THE first message at the birth of Christ was a missionary message (Luke 2:10).

The first prayer Christ taught men was a missionary prayer (Matthew 6:10).

The first disciple, Andrew, was the first missionary (John 1:41).

The first message of the risen Lord was a missionary message (John 20:17).

The first command of the risen Lord to His disciples was a missionary command (John 20:21).

The first apostolic sermon was a missionary sermon (Acts 2:17, 39).

Christ's great reason for Christian love was a missionary reason (John 13:35).

Christ's great reason for unity was a missionary reason (John 17:21).

Our Saviour's last commission was a missionary commission (Matthew 28:19).

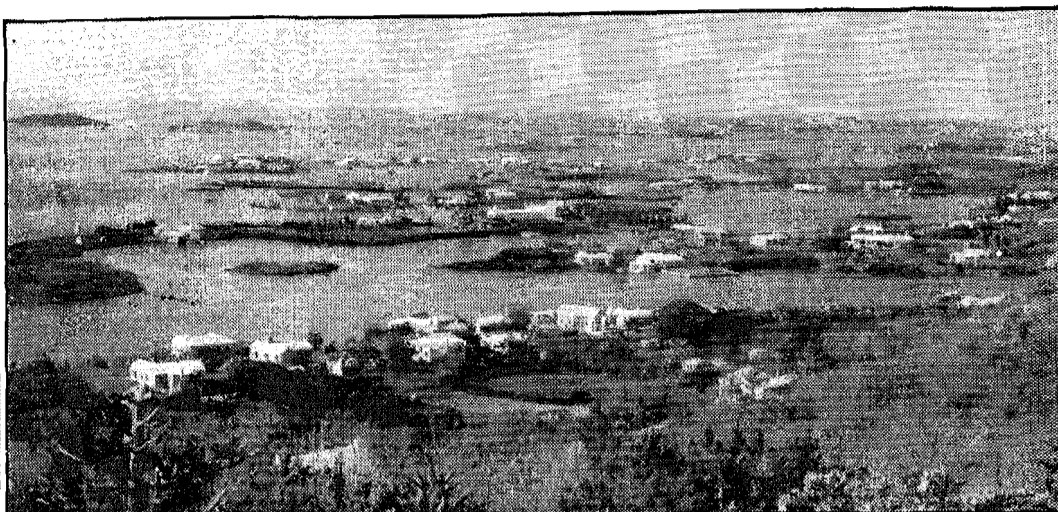
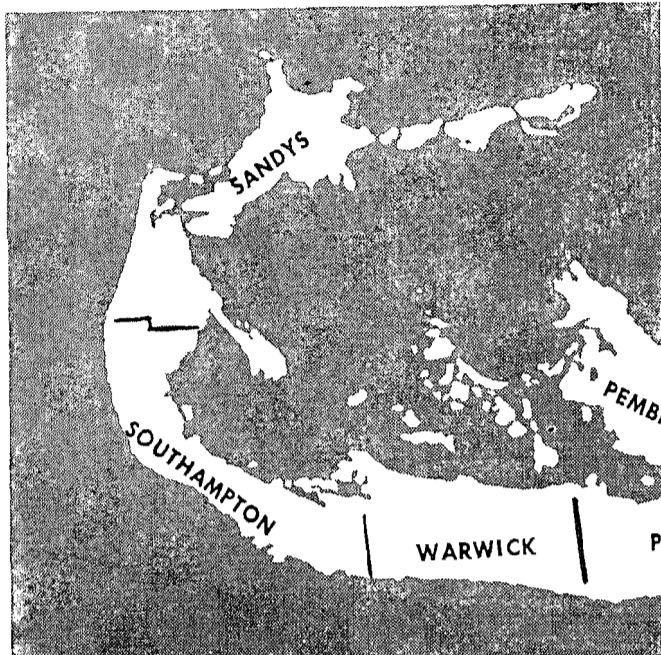
## SIN TRAVELS WITH MAN

AN Akron, Ohio, resident, apprehensive about future plans in space travel, wrote to the local newspaper as follows:

"Man may fly to the moon and Mars in the near future, but to what avail? What will he take with him to another planet? His pride, egotism, selfishness, envy, avarice? His religious divisions, his racial strife, his puny political schemes, his strained social theories, his crumbling institutions? His fears?"

"The speed and range of rocket ships will never part man from his sins. Like an incurable disease, sin cripples and shrivels every person. It can be overcome only by the blood of Jesus Christ and the entrance of His life into the individual heart. Though he may zoom into the stratosphere and return as a hero, man must be acknowledged a failure as long as he is ruled by sin instead of by God."

# Isles Of Beauty



## THE THREAD OF THE STORY

The editor describes his arrival at St. George's, where he is met by the Divisional Commander, Major B. Pedlar, and driven some eight miles to Hamilton, the capital of the islands. He speaks of the narrow winding roads, the wealth of tropical vegetation, and the numbers of small cars, motor cycles and pedal cycles that abound in those parts.

**W**E were passing between cliffs, towering up each side of us, like a gigantic trench cut into the earth. I was to find this was another local feature. Rather than make a road go over a hill, the earlier engineers cut through it. The island is composed of coral limestone, and it is quite moist and easy to cut into at first. Exposure to the air hardens it, and makes ideal building material. Later on we were to visit a quarry, and see the labourers actually sawing at a monstrous slab of the cream-coloured rock with an ordinary cross-cut saw! It is actually sawn into chunks two feet, by one foot, by six inches, and a house can be run up in short order by laying these large slabs one on top of another. The whole is plastered, in pastel shades, and the result is

a charming bungalow, crowned with a roof also made of the same stone, cut very thin.

"Why the ridge running around the roofs?" was my next question.

"To catch the water," replied my guide. "We depend almost entirely on rain-water in Bermuda. It is directed by that ridge into down-pipes connected to tanks under the house."

I found out later that the tanks are usually built to hold 6,000 gallons — an average of 1,500 gallons per person. While I was in the islands, the water supply ran very low, and there was talk of fetching ship-loads of the precious liquid

from an attempt made years ago to develop a housing estate in a low-lying swamp nearby. The houses all sank out of sight and the attempt was abandoned. But "Marsh's Folly," the adjoining street has been ever since.

"Euclid Street." Ah, now we're

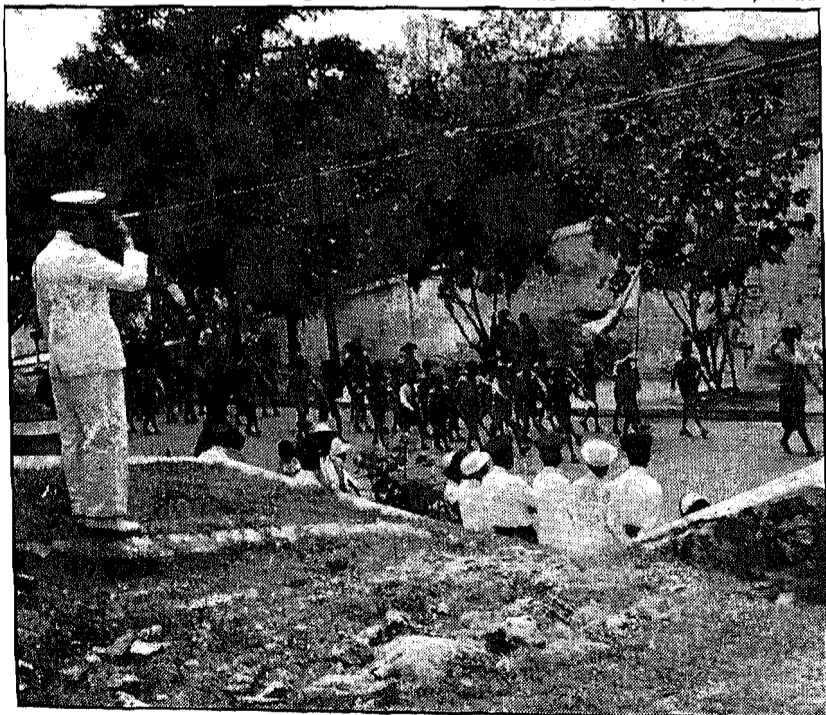
island. It seemed I had just missed the ingathering meeting — it had occurred the night before, amid great rejoicing. The annual appeal had increased amazingly, including as it did a sizable sum for the enlargement and repairs to the Hamilton Citadel. So friendly are the

## By The Editor

from New York, some 666 miles to the north-west.

"Point Finger Street." I noticed the name-plate of the road along which we were passing, screwed right on to the low wall lining the road. Later we saw "Marsh's Folly," and the Major told me it stemmed

The divisional commander taking the salute in front of the Hamilton (Bermuda) Citadel.



PART of the Sunday morning divine service parade.

getting to a more cultured spot! "This is the street the quarters is on," ventured my companion, and we turned into a narrow way, with houses bordering close on each side. We stopped at a green hedge, pushed open a small gate, crossed a tiny lawn, traversed a veranda and were in the divisional commander's quarters. Mrs. Pedlar, coolly dressed in a white uniform, welcomed me cordially, and I was soon sipping tea, while we talked, they listening eagerly to the latest tid-bits of Army news that I had brought with me. The Major was especially interested in hearing of his brother's appointment — that of training principal in Newfoundland.

I was impressed by the enthusiasm of the Pedlars for their comrades of the six corps and one institution that comprise the Army's work in the

business people towards the Army, that one man had given us a loan, free of interest of £5,000 towards the building. He had also given a generous donation, as had many others.

There had been dramatic presentations the night before — in which the coloured comrades excel — and the various totals had been announced amid great jubilation. This was enhanced by the joy at the awarding of the territorial banner for the greatest advance in home league work — won by the Newfoundland Corps—a new opening not far from Hamilton.

The origin of my visit dates back to the time Commissioner and Mrs. Booth returned to Toronto after their first visit to Bermuda, and spoke to the writer about the trophies of grace in the corps and girls' home. Ever

(Continued on page 16)

# Scraping Over The Reef

THE contrast from an out-port of Newfoundland to the capital city of St. John's, Nfld., is a drastic experience in the life of any young man. One has to live in an isolated village by the sea to realize how obsessed a young person can become with vague wonderings of what life is like just over the horizon. In the change to city life there is always the tendency to "let go" the rigid principles held in a small village (where everyone knows what you are doing) when you can lose yourself in a city where no one will know you.

With this in mind, young Levi enjoyed himself on this particular voyage to the capital. He had shipped as a "deck-hand." Tomorrow the ship was to set sail for Halifax, but what to do on this Sunday night? "Let's go to the Army barracks", someone suggested, and there was an immediate agreement.

## A Change in Plans

The officer's wife at the Adelaide St. Corps (known to many as "old No. 2") was taking her turn at preaching that night and, as she began her message, Mrs. Jones (now Mrs. Brigadier Jones of Toronto) said, "For some reason, I've set aside the message that I had for you tonight, because I feel the Lord wants me to talk to those boys and girls who have left the influence of home and loved ones, and are now off on their own."

Poor Levi! It seemed as if the message was directed straight at him. Conviction struck at his heart, and his mind began to turn over the many past experiences that had influenced his life for good. Nor could he get away from the impact of that message. All through the voyage to Halifax it rang in his mind.

There the ship picked up a load of oil for delivery to Corner Brook. Since most of it was in drums it became a deck cargo—lashed there for safe keeping. Up the coast of Nova Scotia they sailed, past Cape Breton, and up into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to round Cape Ray, and

head for the Bay of Islands, and their destination.

Anyone familiar with the gulf will know with what speed and intensity storms can arise on that ninety-mile crossing from North Sydney to Port aux Basque. And just such a storm was brewing as the ship left on its voyage. Most of the crew were scarcely out of oilskins the whole way, but the real fury was saved for the trip through the gulf.

## Lightening the Load

In order to lighten the ship, the cargo had to be jettisoned, and Levi was the man for the job. With a special gadget, he moved cautiously along the deck, puncturing each drum as he went, and allowing the oil to run across the deck. Imminent danger was at hand in such cases, but the job had to be done to save the ship.



The real trial of his faith was yet to come. Since they were now off the coast of Newfoundland, their one chance for safety was to head for Port au Port Bay. But there was only one safe passage in, as a narrow reef shut off all but one entry. As they turned the prow of the boat in this direction, and the full fury of the storm was carrying them land-ward, the realization came that they were not headed for the safe entry. Try as they might, they could not steer the ship toward it.

One chance for safety remained, and it was a slim one. If they could hit the reef on the crest of the wave, it would carry them over, with little or no damage to the ship. What a chance to take, yet it was the only one they had.

Levi prayed with a fervency that he had not known before. Out of a heart sensing the urgency of the situation, but with a conviction bred over the past few years and brought to a climax in the recent salvation meeting, and its pointed message, he cried, "Lord, if you get us over this, I'll serve You the rest of my life!"

As the reef neared, his earnestness increased. Then, the ordeal was over. Right on the crest of a wave, with the bottom just scraping the reef as they passed by, they were into the comparative shelter of the bay, and safety.

Has Levi kept his promise? Yes, to this very day, and he testifies to it at every opportunity. Praise God!

Editor's note: The officer of the corps where Levi is a soldier sent this story, vouching for the worth of the man's character and spiritual experience.

\* Another story of the sea will be carried in next week's issue.

# Speak For Christian Citizenship

(This letter to the Editor of his local newspaper and his record of citizenship activities won for Mr. Walter Baker first place in Division B in the 1958 Citizenship Contest sponsored by the International Society of Christian Endeavour.)

CITIZENSHIP for many requires only the obedience of various laws and the willingness not to interfere with the rights of other citizens. Christian citizenship, however, demands more than the indifferent acceptance of statutes and ordinances and the refusal to harm one's fellow man. It regards government not as a "necessary evil" but as a means through which man may act in expressing his Christian convictions.

Christianity infuses into citizenship a concern for others which transcends the boundaries of legal responsibility. Into the legal skeleton which sees man as a social animal, Christianity implants the concern for man as a creature of God, possessed of an immortal soul.

Youth has a distinctive responsibility to support Christian principles in government. Separated by a few years from the full burdens and duties of legal citizenship, youth must consciously prepare themselves for the great tasks they are soon to assume. They must avoid the pitfalls of giving lip service to a belief in Christian principles in government while never really taking the time to understand what these principles mean.

## Wise Choices

Buttressed by a firm understanding of their own faith, Christian youth will be better able to realize their responsibility in the community and to transfer their convictions into the reality of positive action. Christians will then study the candidates and issues in political campaigns, will select those who stand for Christian principles, and will work for their election. They will communicate their views to the representatives in parliament. Understanding the realities of government, Christians will enter the political parties and work from within these structures to promote their beliefs.

Christian citizenship, however, embodies more than man's relationship to his government. It encompasses the entire structure of community existence. Government is

merely one area through which the Christian citizen works. In projects for community betterment, in fund drives for the conquering of disease, or in work among the community's oppressed, hungry, or destitute the Christian will be found. The Christian will always be mindful of Christ's words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these... ye have done it unto me." Conscious of the equality of all men in the sight of God, Christians will demand equality of treatment for all people, regardless of their wealth, social position, race, or national background.

## An Example at Home

Whether in his home, school, or work the Christian citizen conducts himself in the positive, dynamic way which Christian citizenship demands. At home he cheerfully does his share of the work and respects and honours his parents. In school he shows his faith through his studies, realizing that a task worth doing is worth doing well. Evidence of Christian citizenship becomes especially noticeable in the athletics in which the student participates. There he shows humility in victory and cheerfulness in defeat. For him it is not the winning but the good sportsmanship that counts.

Above all, the Christian citizen is not afraid to stand alone. In a time of mass conformity he does not muzzle his Christian conviction in order to court social approbation. For him the basic problem is to do justly and love mercy—not to seek the vain approval of public opinion. Whether in the home or school, the community, nation or the world the Christian knows his duty and strives earnestly to fulfil it.

I speak for Christian citizenship. To do otherwise would be failing in my Christian duty. Christians must speak. They must not only proclaim their views but they must also work to carry them out. Because of this belief, I speak for Christian citizenship.

WALTER A. BAKER,  
Cambridge, Mass.

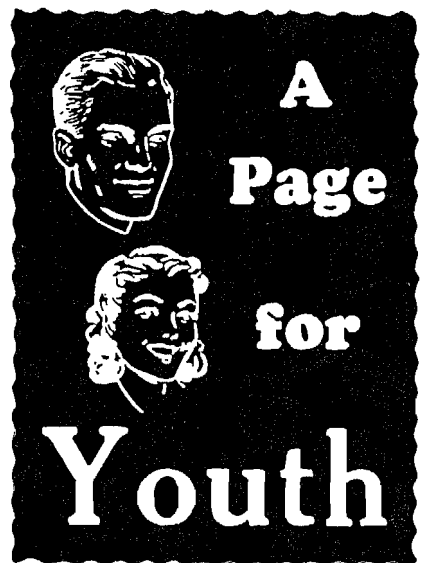
## A LABOUR DAY THOUGHT

AN increasing number of bulletin boards in offices and canteens are said to be displaying the following notice:

"To all employees: We find it necessary to institute a new policy, effective immediately. We are asking that somewhere between starting and quitting time and without infringing too much on the time devoted to lunch period, coffee breaks, rest period, ticket selling, holiday planning, social conversation, wash-room visits, clock watching, window gazing and rehashing of last night's TV programme or movie, each employee find some time to be set aside and known hereafter as The Work Break."—From "Industry"

## SEA ROUTE FOR THE SWISS

SWITZERLAND and the Italian city of Milan will be linked by waterway with the Adriatic Sea if a project under discussion is carried out. The plan is to cut a forty-mile canal from Lake Maggiore, on the Italo-Swiss border, through the plains of Northern Italy to Milan. There it would join another canal to Cremona, fifty miles away on the River Po, which runs another 100 miles to the Gulf of Venice. This new waterway, costing about \$90,000,000, would take vessels of 1,000 tons, and would enable three million tons of goods a year to pass through.





### HANDY FLOWER VASES

**C**OLOUR in the garden asks to be brought indoors, and then comes the problem, what to use for vases. If you do not have on hand sufficient variety in sizes in regular vases, try converting empty receptacles to your use.

For instance, some of the wave-set bottles when empty are just right for medium-stemmed flowers such as pinks, sweet williams or clarkia. For pansies, violas and other small flowers, the perfect size is an ink bottle. If one has a favourite cream jug that has been chipped, this may be used with some drooping foliage hiding the chipped portion.

For one small prized bloom, most households are equipped with salt and pepper shakers minus tops. These, incidentally, are especially handy for a sickroom breakfast tray where one colourful anemone or bright pansy face can add a note of cheer.

The unused goldfish bowl will hold short-stemmed sweet peas and, if they tend to fall out, a carrot leaf or piece of cedar put down into the water will hold the flowers in place and at the same time add a note of colour to the bowl.

One large aster head makes a beautiful picture in a rose bowl and will last for days.

The brown of the bean pot blends perfectly with goldenglows, helianthus or other yellow or gold flowers. This is a particularly useful flower holder to be placed on the floor as it is not easily upset.

When used flower vases are stained and require cleaning, fill them with cold water past the high-water mark and let soak for a while. Then spread an old newspaper, empty vases and with pieces of crumpled newspaper thoroughly rub the insides, dropping all the pieces of used paper onto the spread paper so that they may all be gathered up and burned or put in the garbage. This rubbing will loosen all the residue from the flowers, and the vase may then be rinsed out with more cold water.

Vases, makeshift or authentic, of suitable size and shape, kept shining clean, are an invitation to the beauties of the garden to come into the house.

### FRETTEING FRICTION

**I**RAN across an expression a while ago that has stuck in my memory very tenaciously: "The fretting friction of our daily lives."

That puts in seven words the ground of most restlessness. Not many of us are "done to death by an enterprise of the first order," as Dr. Watson insists. Most of us can keep our patience and cheeriness well in the large things of life. It is the nagging annoyances and chafing littleness of every day that fret us and wear us out.

Some of our unhappiest days are made unhappy by events that are so petty we can hardly catalogue them. It is not alone the loss of a large amount of money that can unsettle us. It is also the slamming of the office door and the carelessness of someone, and the blotting of the manuscript, and the miscarriage of a letter—not one of them important enough in itself, but all finding us nervous and irritable.

But when we read our daily annoyances as elements in a service which we are rendering to Him whose presence dignifies life, they cease to be petty, they cease to be so annoying. We rise from the frictions of daily life into its freshness and power.—Cleland B. McFee

## OF INTEREST TO HOMEMAKERS

### Let Us Also Forget

By ALMA MASON

**M**EMORY is one of our most precious assets. When memory deserts us we flounder and fall and shrivel into a senseless human husk. When memory develops and is sharp and acute, we become dynamic and vibrant with a vital, driving force within. How wonderful to have a brilliant memory! How splendid to cultivate a memory for beauty!

Do you enjoy colour stills thrown on a beaded screen? What better hobby can a family share? Out come the projector and slides. The screen is put in place and Dad installs himself as the operator. The lights are dimmed and we are away on a magic carpet. We travel once again through the Catskills in mid-summer. We walk again through the riot of colour flamboyant in tulip time in Ottawa. We journey west-

tire carving the turkey. There are the aunts and cousins, sisters and brothers, mother and dad gathered around the huge, bedecked Christmas tree. How happy we were that day! We sigh as we realize some of the faces will be absent from the next Christmas party, but how comforting to know we can always stimulate memory by the use of the colour slides.

All through the showing of pictures someone interjects, "Do you remember that day? Do you remember how cold the ocean was? Do you remember the covered bridge, that quaint New England village street? Do you remember?"

Often the revival of experiences is accompanied by misty eyes. Often hearty laughter flows full and free. So it is with memory shared.

When we store away memories



Memory is easy to cultivate. Often the power to forget is not so easily mastered, but it is most important nevertheless.

Let us forget the hasty, unkind word, the quarrel and the cause of it; the faults of our neighbours; the slander we heard. If we would increase our happiness and prolong our lives let us not brood over the malice shown us. Let us pretend it does not exist. It cannot grow without our bidding.

Let us forget the jealousy directed our way and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Let us forget the peculiarities of our friends and praise them for the good qualities which endear them to us. Their peculiarities and ours can only live and thrive when illuminated by concern.

#### Blot Out the Disagreeable

Let us blot out as much as possible the dark, disagreeable occurrences. They will certainly appear on the landscape but will only double in perspective when we fling them about in the hall of memory. So as the old song goes, "Let us forget to remember".

Let us forget to remember the dark days buried in the past; the poverty, the shame, the disgrace, the neglect, the failures. Let us not look backward into the black pool churned with misery. Let us look ahead into beauty and sunlight.

Let us cherish memory encircled with love and loveliness. Let us cherish it so that all the dark corners of our lives will be forgotten forever.

Forget the unkind, hasty word;  
Forget the slander you have heard;  
Remember — striding down each mile  
The happiness — the brilliant smile.

Forget the sorrow and the pain;  
The dark'ning sky, the cold grey rain,  
Remember now the better part —  
The courage of a steadfast heart.

Forget to weep, forget to scold,  
Forget the sleet, forget the cold,  
Remember lilacs drenched in dew  
And thrushes singing just for you.

Forget the sorrow and the fear,  
The tainted thought, the futile tear;  
Remember God's own loving care;  
Remember faith — remember prayer!

### WARM WEATHER BEVERAGES

#### RED CURRANT CORDIAL

2 glasses of currant jelly (each eight ounce)  
2 cups boiling water  
2 cups orange juice  
¾ cup lemon juice

Beat the jelly until frothy, add boiling water, continue beating until jelly is dissolved. Add juices. Before serving pour over ice; add ginger ale. (serves eight)

#### CRANBERRY SPARKLE

½ cup cranberry juice, sweetened  
½ cup pineapple juice  
Ginger ale to taste  
Combine and pour over ice.

#### FRUIT PUNCH FOR FIFTY

4 teaspoons tea  
2 quarts boiling water  
2 cups sugar  
2 cups orange juice  
1 cup lemon juice  
1 quart grape juice  
2 quarts water  
Pour the boiling water over the tea and let stand three minutes. Strain, add the sugar and cool. Add the fruit juices and the water.

Place a block of ice in the bowl and pour the punch over it, or serve in glasses with cracked ice.



### GENUINE PUPPY LOVE

ward through the majesty of the Rockies; skim across crystal clear lakes dappled in sunlight; dip down into valleys lush with wild flowers. Suddenly we are transported to a hill in the Adirondacks and there once again at our feet is spread the glorious panorama of green forests dotted with blue lakes.

#### Change of Season

Suddenly we find we are again walking up a road in October towards a stately stone church. The countryside is ablaze with autumn. The sun slants through a mist of gold and green and scarlet. Memory revitalized carries us back to the ivy framing the figure of the Christ in the stained glass window, the muted sounds of the organ and the deep, resonant voice of the minister.

We journey on. Suddenly we are projected into a Christmas scene. There is Dad dressed in chef's at-

tire of a daffodil, a dappled spring sky, a rainbow, a smile, a sunset, a bird song, we put golden treasure in a bank. From time to time we draw dividends and in our old age we have abundant wealth to warm us and to cherish us.

Often in times of crisis we remember the strength of a brave mother or father, the word of a wise and gracious teacher. Here we receive strength through memory. The bewildering experience to which we are exposed gradually assumes a familiar and orderly aspect. Through memory we are set free from fear and panic and enabled to act with sanity and wisdom.

For those whose memory is imbued with the words of Christ—there is a strong wall to protect in all life's emergencies. No trial is unbearable, no grief insurmountable when the words of the Bible are applied.



## Bound For The Mission Field

CANADIAN-TRAINED Major C. Stewart (right), with Mrs. Stewart (formerly Captain I. Goldsmith) after two-and-a-half years in charge of Stratford, Ont., Corps, have left the Dominion for a second term of missionary service in East Africa. The Major in his earlier officer years served with the Canadian Red Shield and went to the East Africa Territory in 1950, later, with Mrs. Stewart, he opened the Army's work in the Eastern province of Tanganyika.

A member of the "Swordbearers" Session of officers, 2nd-Lieut. Pauline Howell (left) is on her way to Colombo, Ceylon, after having been stationed at Wallaceburg, Kingsville and Goderich, Ont. Prior to proceeding to her distant appointment the Lieutenant attended the Institute of Linguistics in Toronto as a language aid.



## IN TWO HOLLOWED-OUT TREES

### A Visit To Papua

A YOUNG Australian Salvationist writes in the Australian War Cry: "We left the Army meeting, gathered together our few necessities, walked through the ebbing tide and established ourselves with as much dignity as we could muster in a Papuan canoe. This canoe, or *pua pua* as it is called, consisted of two hollowed-out trees, one longer than the other, bridged by a few flooring boards. The larger log held a mast and a furlled sail of canvas patches sewn together in giddy pattern.

"Seated with me in the craft were two young comrades who now live far from the large and 'polished' Australian corps where they were soldiers. I must confess the vessel didn't look too safe, but the Papuans travel all their lives in them; so nothing daunted, we pushed our fears into our pockets and waited to go.

"The boatman, a small yet energetic native, sat down too. I looked at him rather questioningly, and not in the least overawed, he stared back.

### Whistled For a Wind

"I inquired what was causing the delay, and the boatman replied that the wind wasn't right! We three bowed our heads and prayed for the wind to come, while the Papuan whistled and called enticingly in his own language. (I guess his people whistled for a wind long before they knew how to pray.) Soon a merry little breeze touched our faces, hopped into the sail and we were off.

"For nine hours we travelled down the east coast of Papua, past villages and picturesque inlets where the jungle growth brushed noses with the shining beaches, until at length we arrived at Gaire. This village is the home of the first Papuan Salvationist, Kurau Geno, and he was there to welcome us. What a time we had! Sitting 'in splendour' on grass mats, looking through the cracks in the floor at the water beneath and drinking coconut milk from the nut-cups nature provides. But we weren't here for a holiday, and soon we were standing in a cool spot, where the three salvationists and a number of adherents had gathered. We spoke words of encouragement, prayed, and greeted each of the group personally.

"A football game played by the local 'boys' was in progress in the village, and we had a look at this before walking across the sand

dunes to where the women of the village were engaged in a game of cricket!

"Then we set out for home and goodbyes were said. For three hours we struggled through a high sea with strong winds, and then with a broken mast we were driven on to an isolated beach. We lit a fire and, feeling rather like shipwrecked Paul, resigned ourselves to a lengthy wait. Eventually the wind changed, the sea calmed, and having enjoyed some hot coffee and baked beans, we jumped aboard again.

(Continued foot column 4)

## TRESPASSING ELEPHANTS

A PIONEER party led by Major and Mrs. J. Pascoe, set out from Kimberly, South Africa, in 1891, in a wagon drawn by eighteen oxen on what proved to be a journey of many months to Fort Salisbury (Rhodesia). In those days numerous wild animals roved in great jungles.

Even today large animals stray on to the preserves of modern civilization, for not long ago, after four elephants had wandered over the airport at Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia, officials decided to inspect the runways before aircraft could take off or land. The elephants had made a semicircular trip from the Zambesi River and back via the runways.

## EVEN IN BEAUTIFUL SWITZERLAND

THE young woman was already astride the parapet of the towering bridge spanning the dizzy heights of Lausanne, Switzerland, when the patrolling policeman saw her. Even as he raced toward her he knew that his leaden feet couldn't cover the ground fast enough. His outstretched hand grasped only empty air as she flung herself over screaming, "It's too late! It's too late!"

The constable closed his eyes and clutched the parapet hard. In the street below, a sickening depth away, The Salvation Army officer in charge of the men's social centre situated directly beneath the bridge, ran to where the girl lay. Traffic swirled all round them as she died in his arms.

She was just one of seven people who leapt to their death from this bridge during the two and a half years that this officer, Brigadier Aaron Schmidt, now the Territorial Men's Social Secretary, was in charge of this hostel. Even beautiful Switzerland, nation without wars for so long and in so many ways a land "flowing with milk and honey", is not without its human problems, for which there is no answer save in Christ.

For forty years the Army's *Hotel-lerie Populaire* under the mighty bridge in Lausanne has, by word and deed, proclaimed the Christian Gospel message. Its 120 beds are always fully booked. Its generous restaurant facilities are in constant demand. Derelict men, unloved and

## CYCLING COMMANDER

IN order to visit corps in outlying districts, the Territorial Commander for the Madras and Telegu area, India, Colonel S. Hannan had to resort to bicycle riding from place to place. Though tired through cycling in the hot sun, the Colonel was able to bring encouragement and blessing to crowds of people who listened eagerly to the Gospel message. Over one hundred seekers were registered during the campaign.

unwanted by anyone else, can be found here at any time of day or night.

To Brigadier Schmidt the Lausanne President once declared: "We must have The Salvation Army. If the Army was not here we would need another fifty policemen."

With their love of "only the best", Swiss Salvationists are somewhat apologetic about the exterior appearance of this social centre, though its interior is remarkably clean and well ordered. But in two years' time this present building will be demolished (all around it new buildings are being erected) and another, with sleeping accommodation for 150 men, will be constructed.

For twenty years a Jewish doctor has given his medical services to the centre without payment in admiration for the work done. His opinion of the hostel is that for the men it is "the next best thing to Paradise".

Sunday night meetings here attract average congregations of 120 persons.

(Continued from column 2)

"The wind was favourable, but since we couldn't put the sail up, we took it in turns to push the canoe along the coast with long poles. Having to keep to the shallow water meant following every small inlet right round, and the three-hour trip lasted eleven hours. Feeling that we were fast getting beyond our strength we landed at Tubusereia, where we were welcomed by another Salvationist, Trudi, and his wife. Trudi is a school teacher and had returned to his village for the holidays. He made us right at home with his 'hallelujah' welcome and soon the Army flag was unfurled above the house.

"This village, like Gaire and most other Papuan coastal villages, is built out over the water. In olden days this assured them of protection from their land enemies. The houses are laid out in rows, with wide waterways between. Bamboo walls and grass thatched roofs were eye-catching, and the buildings contained a multitude of children, as well as their parents and relatives, who came out to wave and call to us as we went by.

"We prayed with the group of Salvationists and interested villagers before leaving for home. We arrived at Port Moresby on Thursday afternoon not quite forty-eight hours after leaving. Of these hours twenty-five were spent in a canoe. We were tired and sunburned, and with praise in our hearts for the opportunity of visiting and encouraging our Papuan brothers and sisters in their own homes."

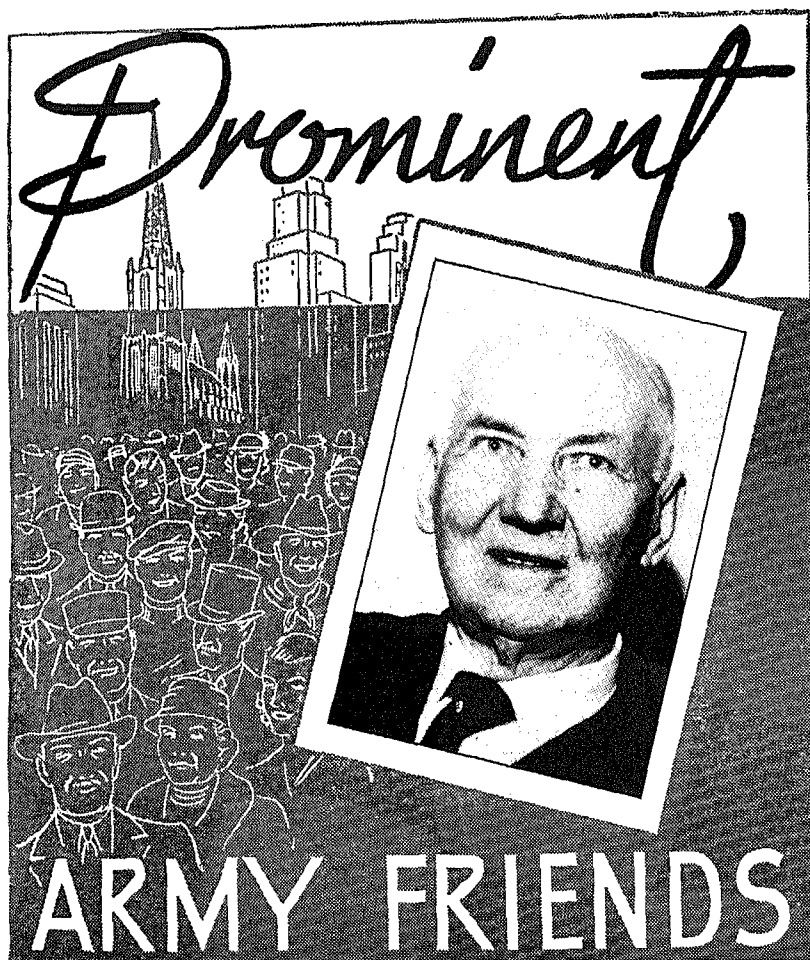


Every land is my Fatherland,  
For all lands are my Father's.

—General Bramwell Booth.

## SWAHILI SONG BOOK

THE *Sauti Ya Vita*, The War Cry for the East Africa Territory, announces that the newly-revised Swahili Song Book is now in circulation and that word to hand assures its producers that there will be a great demand for this publication in the vernacular. Colonel and Mrs. W. Effer are the Territorial Leaders, with headquarters in Nairobi. Brigadier Randolph Cooper has been appointed General Secretary.



MR. J. E. CRAWFORD, a warm friend and supporter of The Salvation Army, has been chairman of the Fort William Advisory Board since its inception twelve years ago. A former member of parliament and mayor, though retired, he gives unstintingly of his time and influence in the promotion of community interests, including the Army's operations. Not long ago Mr. Crawford (founder of a firm of chartered accountants) was successful in persuading the local Rotary Club, in which he is an ardent member, of the need of a new kitchen for the Army's hostel, when \$4,500 was raised to complete this worthy project.

(In renewing this informative feature the editor will be pleased to receive from public relations' representatives portraits and brief details of similar friends.)

## SERVING THE HOP-PICKERS

Goodwill Officers To Spend Busy Weeks In Kent

FOR many British people September speaks of autumn tints, lovely sunsets, golden leaves, waving corn, an invigorating nip in the air and a harvest moon. For hundreds of Londoners it means the annual exodus to the Kent hop-gardens, and for The Salvation Army Goodwill Department weeks of service among the hop-pickers.

### A Spiritual Effort

Despite improved working conditions for workers, the Goodwill officers still find much to do. First-aid treatment may be required in an emergency; a cup of tea is always welcome; the Gospel message can be pressed home through personal contact; children's joy-hour meetings and camp-fire sing-songs can help to break monotony; open-air meeting — particularly those held outside the local public-houses at weekends — present golden opportunities for discharging a much-needed ministry, for the hop-fields campaign is primarily a spiritual effort.

### LONDON'S NEW CADETS

SALVATIONISTS who will share the next session of cadets at the International Training College, Denmark Hill, London, include young comrades from Norway, the Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland and Italy. A variety of trades and professions are represented, including nurses, teachers, accountants, composers and social welfare workers, a sales-supervisor, dental "flasher" and tile-examiner.

The session, named the "Pioneers" Session, opened August 19th. More than one-third of the new cadets are children of non-Salvationists, and others have held a variety of local officers' positions. Five of the men were young people's band-leaders.

Following the custom of past years, officers from London and nearby Goodwill centres will remain on the hop-fields throughout the period. The National Goodwill Secretary, Lt.-Colonel Eva Four-acre, and her assistant Major Lily Daw will share in the activities from time to time. It is also planned that cadets from the International Training College will visit the various camps on two of the Sundays during the season.

### WHEELED SERVICE

MOBILE Field Units, recently dedicated for service in Australia, are used for various types of Salvation Army work and have unlimited possibilities for evangelical and social ministry, says the Australian War Cry. Another, a medical mobile unit is designed for an area in New Guinea with a large native population. It is operated by two nursing sisters.

Commissioner A. Moffatt (R) has returned to Britain following a period of service pro tem, as Territorial Commander in South Africa.

At a recent civic reception in honour of Prime Minister, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, in Trivandrum, India, the Chief Secretary of the Southern Territory, Lt.-Colonel P. Das represented the Army.

A Pakistan "Republic Day" was recently celebrated in Lahore Central Hall by an interesting flag-raising ceremony conducted entirely by the life-saving guard troop, other units and cadets assisting in full uniform.

## New Strategy In Open-Air-Meetings

A Call To British Territory Salvationists To Share In a New-Style Approach

(From The War Cry, London)

A GRADUAL change in Britain's social habits, precipitated in the last decade, finds people where The Salvation Army's traditional evangelical approach rarely reaches them. Eighty years ago, when the Army started to march the streets, the working-classes to whom its ministry was chiefly directed were glad to leave their overcrowded homes to stand around the marketplace. If they had money to spare they went to the pub or the music hall. So Salvationists started to hold meetings at town centres, to visit pubs with *The War Cry* and to hold indoor meetings which attracted the churchless by their unconventional gaiety.

### What the Publican Said

Changed conditions today are summed up in the remark recently made by a publican to a Salvationist who entered the bar with his bundle of Army papers. Surveying the empty chairs, the publican remarked gloomily: "Business is getting bad for us both." The cinema, which followed the music-hall, has also struck a bad patch. People have no wish to escape from better homes. Radio and television entertainment make them attractive places to escape to. That is why most people on the streets are hurrying somewhere and have no wish to dally to listen to anybody.

Denied the many opportunities of radio evangelism as offered in some lands, The Salvation Army in Britain has to seek other methods to get its message behind closed doors. On the other hand there is still a place for the Army's traditional evangelism if adapted to these changed conditions.

The British Commissioner (Commissioner E. Grinstead) will shortly be calling upon Salvationists of the London area to assist in a weekly open-air meeting in the Piccadilly area to be organized by Lt.-Colonel F. Griffin, Regent Hall Regional Officer.

Already the Commissioner has sent out a call for volunteers to extend a fortnightly open-air activities in Soho (a cosmopolitan section of London), started in 1953, by a group of Salvationist volunteers. These have developed a pattern which contrasts with the usual idea of an Army street meeting.

There is practically no music. Occasionally a really good vocal or instrumental soloist has helped to attract the people. It was found that the usual, rather ordinary singing often lost a good crowd; so the ninety-minute meeting is kept going by a succession of speakers. It was found that sincere, earnest, forthright testimony would gather more people than a preachment. Even this achieves less than the personal approach; so, instead of forming the usual open-air ring, the speaker's supporters move around among the listening crowd, answering questions

prompted by the words of the speaker or by the very presence of the Salvationists. Thus none of the small group is a mere supporter, waiting his turn to give a word of testimony, or being tied to, or hampered by, a musical instrument. All are fully engaged all the time.

Meanwhile the personal contact, often initiated by the offering of a free copy of *The War Cry* or suitable handbill, is being extended to other streets and into the little club-rooms which are a feature of this area. This work is done mainly by women-Salvationists working in pairs in the specified district allotted to them.

A small number of Salvationists based on one particular speaking pitch—twelve should be the maximum—allows for mobility and creates no traffic problems. A cul-de-sac surrounded by high buildings provides acoustic conditions which make public address equipment unnecessary. It is better to concentrate one's efforts on a group of people near at hand than shout across a noisy thoroughfare. Round about 10 p.m. is a good hour for salvation witness. At that time most folk have had their evening pleasure and are prepared to stand around a bit before going home.

### Learning by Doing

This kind of activity may appear rather terrifying to the average person; it might even be considered "specialized" work. But it is no more specialized than is any other kind of personal dealing and can be learned only by doing it, aided by the Holy Spirit. Guided by that same Spirit people are found to be easily approachable, many of them ready and anxious to talk about their souls' needs. Anyone who knows the rich reward of this kind of evangelism will never be satisfied with large open-air gatherings, often at the wrong time and place, where little is demanded and little accomplished.

## DATES TO REMEMBER

1959	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	1959	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
JAN	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	JUL	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
FEB	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	AUG	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
MAR	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	SEP	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
APR	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	OCT	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
MAY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	NOV	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
JUN	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	DEC	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31

August 31-September 1 — Northern British Columbia Congress  
September 7 — Rally Day  
October 12 — Thanksgiving Sunday  
October 16-21 — Toronto Congress  
October 23-27 — Vancouver Congress  
October 30-November 4 — Halifax Congress

The commissioning of cadets at Ahmednagar, Western India Territory, took place "under the starry heavens", while at Ahnand this event was held in the *Booth-Tucker Hall*. The new officers were welcomed with joy to the Maharashtra and Gujarat areas, where it is believed they will be "Courageous" evangelists.

# Amidst Ideal Surroundings

## The Chief Secretary Leads Inspiring Gatherings At Jackson's Point

**F**OLLOWING a week of intensive study and instructional effort, the Toronto Divisional Music Camp was visited by the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Colonel C. Wiseman. Saturday evening, the leader was presented by the Divisional Commander, Lt.-Colonel R. Gage, and chaired an excellent programme, provided by the Faculty Band (Brother E. Soderstrom) "A" Band (Bandmaster V. Kingston) "B" Band (Bandleader G. Russell) and "C" Band (Captain W. Davies). The camp chorus was led by Mrs. Captain D. Hammond. (Songster Leader E. Sharp had given some instruction before leaving for an American camp).

### Hallowed Session

While the regular Sunday morning camp holiness meeting was led by Mrs. Wiseman and Mrs. Gage, the student body held its own private session presided over by the Chief Secretary—a hallowed time of intimate devotion and revelation. The Colonel came to grips with the needs of his youthful congregation in his Bible message. Scarcely had the invitation been given when a number, accepting the challenge, lined the mercy-seat, entering into a new covenant with the Holy Spirit in a glorious outpouring of power.

The final programme in the afternoon found the auditorium woefully inadequate, with as many friends and relatives outside the building as there were within. Interspersed with items by the various band groups, were the naming of awards for instrumental, vocal, theory and Bible tests. The latter were introduced by the Camp Chaplain, Major H. Orsborn.

The honour student—for compiling an all-round aggregate of marks—went to Bandsman E. Jensen,

### ON THE PRAIRIES

**U**NDER blue Prairie skies, sixty guides and brownies came together at *Beaver Creek Camp*. The guides led by Mrs. E. L. Cameron and assisted by Mrs. H. Bourquin, of Estevan, gained much practical knowledge, and a number of badges and merits were attained.

The brownies were led by Mrs. Captain S. Whitesell and, as these girls gathered from many points of Saskatchewan, real advances were made in their work, too.

The devotional meetings for both these groups were conducted by Mrs. Sr.-Captain C. Fisher, and the staff and camp rejoiced in the sight of twelve girls giving their lives to Christ.

*Beaver Creek Camp*, with its many improved facilities, continues to attract many young people, and this year was voted the finest yet.



Songster Dawn West and Bandsman J. Emerson of Thorne, of Parkdale Citadel, (Ottawa) who were married on July 19th

Oakville Corps, with Mabel Rawlins, Scarborough Citadel as runner-up. Further honours were well-distributed among many corps including the Western Ontario group, with the new metropolitan corps, Scarborough Citadel capturing the largest number. Appreciation to the Divisional Young People's Secretary, Sr.-Major S. Preece, the guest-conductor and members of the faculty was voiced by the Chief Secretary.

### A Fitting Conclusion

The final gathering of the week-end was held in idyllic surroundings amid the murmur of the lake and trees. Here again, the Gospel was sounded forth in true Army fashion. A period of invigorating witness was led by Mrs. Colonel Wiseman, while Mrs. Captain C. Burrows sang a helpful solo, focussing attention on the theme of Calvary. With enlightening emphasis and progression the Colonel raised a high Christian standard for many of the familiar areas of life. The meeting closed on a note of consecration.

### NEWSPAPER'S TRIBUTE

**A** NORTHERN British Columbian newspaper, *The Advance*, of Port Moody, has published the following eulogy of a native Indian Salvationist.

The Salvation Army's envoy, Alwyne Ungless, has completed fourteen years' service to the communities from Barnet to Webster's Corner.

All through the years he has been a familiar figure along the highways and byways, visiting the ill, the despondent and the unfortunate—always bringing cheer and help.

Trim and neat in his uniform, Mr. Ungless is not as spry as he was in his younger days. He sometimes has difficulty in getting around with his crippling arthritis.

"But there are others much less fortunate," he smiles. "I must keep going to help them."

The simple statement is typical of this man who puts serving his fellow man above self.

Mr. Ungless is as Christ-like a person as you will ever find in this world.

### TERRITORIAL TERSITIES

**Birth:** To 1st-Lieutenant and Mrs. Howard Moore, Point Leamington, Nfld., a daughter, Sharon Joy, on July 14th.

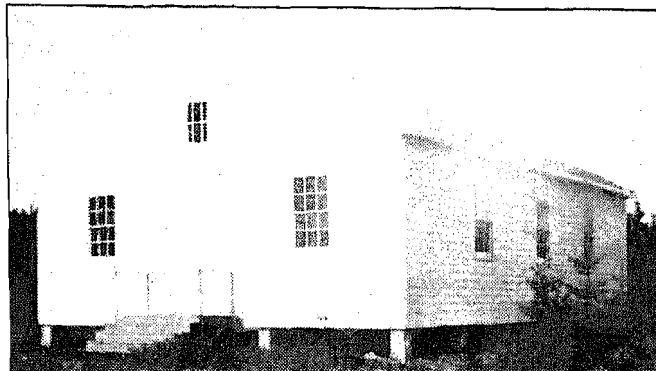
Sr.-Captain Emily Clarke, a Canadian missionary officer, has recently moved and her new address is: c/o Armee du Salut, 15 Rue Duquesnoy, Brussels, Belgium.

Colonel Fletcher Agnew (R) has recovered from his recent illness and gave a bright testimony at the Sunday morning meeting at Jackson's Point Camp.

Friends of the Rev. Isaac E. Cavender, of Bristol, Quebec, will regret to learn of the sudden passing of Mrs. Cavender after a short period of illness. Mrs. Cavender was a devout and faithful follower of the Lord.

A medical doctor offered his services to the Toronto Harbour Light Corps, and visits the institution once a week. The Commanding Officer, Sr.-Major J. Monk says that he gives the men "check-ups" and is able officially to recommend any drug that is needed to banish the effects of the prolonged use of alcohol. Incidentally, Sr.-Major and Mrs. Monk have given four years service at this centre.

## NEW CENTRES FOR SAVING SOULS



(Upper): THE NEW CORPS building which was recently opened at Carmanville North, Nfld. The officers in charge are Captain and Mrs. L. Monk. (Lower): A fine hall was opened at Roxborough Outpost, Montreal, and the pioneers of the work—Envoy and Mrs. James, are seen at the door. A useful work has been built up in this growing district.

## New Divisional Commander Installed

**T**HE welcome and installation meeting for the newly-appointed Divisional Commander of Northern Ontario and Mrs. Brigadier A. Calvert was conducted by the Field Secretary, Lt.-Colonel C. Knaap. Officers and soldiers from many parts of the division attended, and a number of officers new to the division were introduced.

The Divisional Young People's Secretary, Major J. Sloan, led the opening exercises. The field secretary commended the new leaders to all present and later, in his Bible message, gave God's requirements for leadership, and challenged all to be His ambassadors of truth.

Corps Sergeant-Major E. Cryderman, of Huntsville, representing the soldiers and local officers, Mr. F. Town, the Advisory Board, Mrs. Sr.-Captain R. Ellsworth, the league of mercy and the home league, and Sr.-Captain R. McKerracher, all spoke words of welcome, assuring the new leaders of loyal support in extending the Kingdom of God in the division. Both Brigadier and Mrs. Calvert responded, promising to give their utmost in the new and solemn responsibilities to which they had been called.

sibilities to which they had been called.

Mrs. Knaap read from the Scriptures, and others taking part during the evening were Songster Leader W. Hume, and Mrs. Major J. Sloan. The Orillia and Barrie Band and Songster Brigade provided suitable selections.

### NORTHERN ONTARIO CAMP

**A**T Northern Ontario Music Camp this year a record attendance was established. The evident interest and response of the young people was encouraging, but practical difficulties were encountered, as the camp's accommodation was taxed to the limit.

Bright sunshine throughout the week, which passed all too quickly, added to the enjoyment of the young musicians as they followed the daily schedule of instrumental, vocal, and theory classes, interspersed with sports events and swimming. The Divisional Young People's Secretary, Major J. Sloan, attended to the details of camp administration, and the Divisional Commander and Mrs. Brigadier A. Calvert were present for the opening as well as the concluding weekend meetings.

Winners of awards were: J. Ferris (A Band), C. Tudhope (Vocal), and R. Udell (Theory, 4). The honour student award was presented to Robert Udell, who was especially commended for having written an almost perfect theory paper. Other winners in special competitions were D. Greer (senior vocal), G. Swaddling (junior instrumental) and B. Ryckman (original melodies). Bible study awards were also presented.

Instructors included 2nd-Lieut. G. Swaddling (A Band), Deputy Bandmaster G. Ryckman (B Band), 2nd-Lieut. B. Switzer (C Band), and Young People's Sergeant Major B. Morris (Beginners' Group).—K.R.

### A NECESSARY CHANGE

**I**N case any readers of **THE WAR CRY** were misled by the notice in the issue of August 23rd to the effect that the Territorial Commander would lead meetings at Jackson's Point Camp on August 24th and 25th, we beg to apologize for the inconvenience caused.

It was impossible to announce in time that these meetings had been brought forward a week, and were actually held August 16th and 17th.

THIS is a story to prove there is no such place as the point of no return.

It's a biographical demonstration of the fact a man is never a hopeless case, no matter how sordid the circumstances; that there's no gutter so deep he can't crawl out and walk upright again.

Key to recovery is faith. Without it you are whipped. With it you can wipe the slate and start anew.

A Victoria man who has proved the case at close quarters is Salvation Army member Ernie Welch forty-seven, today quartermaster of the Army's Harbour Light Corps—a few short years ago a Vancouver skidroad derelict.

His story isn't pretty, and today Ernie Welch hesitates to review the sorry record of his skidroad life.

But he tells it in the hope the moral may be made plain for others who are caught in the web he once knew, who see no way of escape.

#### Lesson Well Learned

It's easy to sum up the account as "bum to Bible-puncher in four easy lessons." Welch took a long skid down the road and took a long time getting back. There was nothing easy about the lesson. But he learned it well and now he is trying wholeheartedly to pass on the message.

Welch hit the Vancouver skidroad in '51. Before that he had a long record of hard drinking dating from his seventeenth year, but in spite of it he had succeeded in business.

By '51, however, his disintegration on a diet of booze and pills was accelerating rapidly. He was out of business, his wife had left him and he was bogged solid in skidroad mire.

Twice he attempted suicide by overdoses of "goof balls" and he



## He Walks Upright Again

BY BARNEY McKINLEY, in the "Victoria Daily Colonist"

would have made a third try except, in his own words, "I was at the stage where I had neither the guts nor the strength."

Ernie Welch, the man who once lived in a West Vancouver home and looked pityingly on the derelicts he passed on his way to the ferry, was now one of them.

"I was happy in a way to be with people for whom I didn't have to cover up," he recalls. "I learned to combine barbituates or codeine with liquor. It took me into another world."

In that other world his life became a single-minded pursuit of drugs and liquor. It was a life of dishonesty and thievery. His days were passed in the skidroad drink mills or in the search for "live ones" to pay the shot.

Nights he slept in doorways, in bathrooms, of flophouses with one ear cocked for the owner's footfall. On warm nights Stanley Park was his bedroom.

Sometimes the park, the stars at night and the sun on the lawns in the morning, would engender a yearning for something better. But his fogged-up brain would be unable to hold the idea and the first drink washed the memory away.

Time reeled by to a night in the fall of '53.

On that night, clear still in his recollection, Ernie Welch was sitting in a Cordova Street pub with a woman and a man companion scheming to steal the wallet of a "live one" at their table.

The stakes amounted to several hundred dollars the three believed. The woman was to lift the sucker's money, Welch was to disappear with it.

"For some reason I got out of my chair, leaving my hat and coat and walked out into the night," he recalls wonderingly.

Today he believes the prayers of others were back of that sudden decision to walk out.

#### Unconsciously Led

Whatever the reason, he started east on Cordova without conscious destination. It was a dirty, drizzly night. His head was down, his mind blank. Unseeing, he walked to the first corner, turned north a block and then east again. He found himself peering into a fogged-over window.

As he stood there the door of which the window was a part, opened, and a voice said: "Sorry, we're filled up."

With a curse Welch turned away from what he realized was a mission and started on blindly down the

street. He was nearly out of earshot when the same voice shouted: "Hey, come back. Someone is leaving."

"Some power turned me back," Quartermaster Welch now says. "Though I went in to curse and to mock, I kept going back because of a longing that grew in me to find peace."

#### Surrender Brought Peace

Some weeks later, on Feb. 10th, 1954, he surrendered to the longing and asked for help "from the God I had so long denied."

Since that date he has known peace. The skidroad he will never forget, but he has only returned to it and to the nearby police headquarters in his efforts to make restitution and right wrongs he committed there.

He has been given a clean sheet by the police. But he believes he still has a debt to pay.

That he is paying off at the Harbour Light Corps by service to others who are seeking the same way out he found—"four years, one month and five days ago."

Though we may never come in contact with members of The Salvation Army, isn't it a comfort to know that the Army carries on its battle against sin and poverty; its fight for better conditions among the oppressed and unhappy?

*The Farmer's Advocate, Canada.*

#### MAKING YOUR WILL?

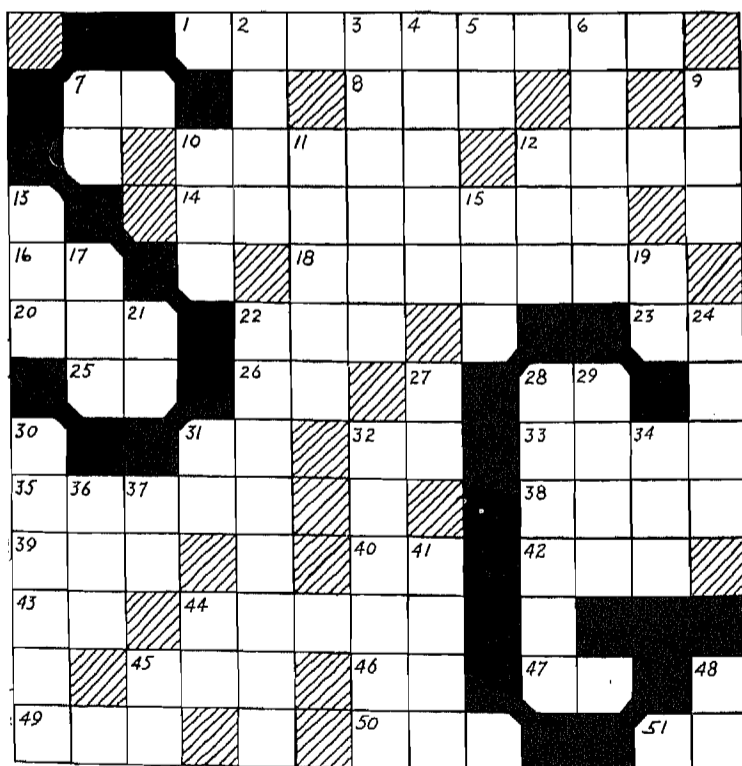
SINCE the year 1865 The Salvation Army has demonstrated its effectiveness in dealing with human problems, distress and maladjustments, through its varied and highly-organized network of character-building activities.

The Salvation Army is legally competent to accept bequests. Upon request, information or advice will be furnished by: Commissioner W. Wycliffe Booth, Territorial Commander, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 1, Ontario, Canada.

Copies of the balance sheet may be obtained by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

## BIBLE CHARACTERS IN CROSSWORD PUZZLES

"Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven; And he overthrew those cities." — Gen. 19: 24, 25a.



Co. W.A.W. CO.

No. 7

### The Destruction Of Sodom And Gomorrah — (Genesis 19)

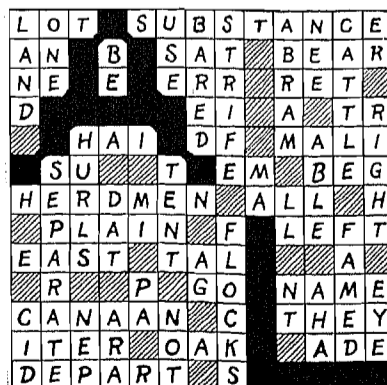
ACROSS  
1 "And he . . . those cities" :25  
7 " . . . get you out of this place" :14  
8 Bronze  
10 "neither stay thou in all the . . ." :17  
12 "he dwelt in a . . ." :30  
14 "escape to the . . ." :17

16 West Africa (abbr.)  
18 "the Lord will . . . this city" :14  
20 Aged  
22 Commander; in Spanish literature (abbr.)  
23 Established Church (abbr.)  
25 "beheld and . . . the smoke" :28  
26 Old Testament (abbr.)  
28 Hebrew word for deity  
31 "rise up early, and go . . . your ways" :2  
32 Low-frequency (abbr.)  
33 "and she became a pillar of . . ." :26  
35 Pitchers  
38 "not overthrow this . . . for the which thou hast spoken" :21  
39 "and they brought . . . forth" :16  
40 Bone  
42 Total  
43 "and dwell . . . the mountain" :30  
44 "the . . . of the country went up" :28  
45 "said unto him, . . . I have accepted thee" :21  
46 Half an em  
47 Short for Edgar  
49 Accomplished  
50 Doctor of Tropical Medicine (abbr.)  
51 "he seemed . . . one that mocked unto his sons in law" :14

DOWN  
2 Velocity of one foot per second  
3 "the Lord . . . upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone" :24  
4 Lot "had flocks, and herds, and . . ." Gen. 13:5  
5 High School (abbr.)  
6 Central American timber tree  
7 "the Lord hath sent . . . to destroy it" :13  
9 "and . . . him without the city" :16  
10 Postmaster General (abbr.)  
11 Formal examination of accounts  
12 Circular (abbr.)  
13 "take thy wife, and thy . . . daughters" :15  
15 Dined  
17 "overthrew those cities, and . . . the plain" :25  
19 You (old form)  
21 "I cannot . . . any thing till thou be come thither" :22  
22 "lest thou be . . . in the iniquity of the city" :15  
24 "the name of the . . . was called Zoar" :22  
27 "Lot went up out . . . Zoar" :30  
28 " . . . for thy life" :17  
29 "the men . . . hold upon his hand" :16  
30 "look not . . . thee" :17  
31 Word marking an alternative  
32 "But his wife . . . back" :26  
34 Limited (abbr.)  
36 Succeed in getting  
37 Printers' measure  
41 " . . . Lot out of the midst of the overthrow" :29  
44 Compass point  
45 Doctor of Science (Lat. abbr.)  
48 "the cry of them . . . waxen great" :13

#### A WEEKLY TEST OF BIBLE KNOWLEDGE

Answers to last week's puzzle



© W.A.W.CO.

No. 6

PAGE TEN

THE WAR CRY

## FOLK WHO MET THE MASTER

# 2.---The Woman of Samaria

"JEWS have no dealings with Samaritans!" This old saying comes to our minds whenever we refer to the incident where Jesus, wearied with the sun and travel, rested at Jacob's well and asked refreshment from the lonely woman who had come to draw water for her own needs.

What made for this division between the two peoples of neighbouring states? Division! It was a positive detestation they had for each other, and this hatred went back to the days when the Jews were exiled in Babylon. At that remote time the Samaritans were accused of marrying Assyrian wives, even worshipping the idols of these heathen women. Thus the accusation was that they had defied and transgressed the law given to Moses!

During those days the Samaritans had wanted to help in the reconstruction of the temple of Jerusalem but their help was refused. The ground of refusal was that the stones of the holy temple would be contaminated by the sinful Samaritan hands.

This so greatly affronted the Samaritans that they proceeded to build their own temple on Mount Gerizim's height. There only, they declared, could God truly be worshipped. The division between Jew and Samaritan was complete and through the centuries an intense hatred had developed into vile insults and dire fights.

With such a background this woman of the country situated between Galilee and Judea, was more than a little amazed that a man should speak to her in such a public

By

Colonel John  
Hunt,  
London,  
England



## DAILY DEVOTIONS

For Family And Private Worship

### SUNDAY—

John 13: 16-27. "SATAN ENTERED INTO HIM." Even at the last moment had Judas Iscariot only cried to the Saviour — who had cast out a legion of demons from a man, he would have been delivered. Though Satan is powerful, the Lord is all-powerful, and He can break the strongest chains the Devil can forge. But our own wills can prevent our obtaining deliverance.

### MONDAY—

John 13: 28-38. "NOT . . . NOW; BUT AFTERWARDS." I want a watch now, says a small child, and mother answers, "Not now, but later on when you can value a watch you shall have it." We want God to give us many things, but He has to prepare us for them, and then, when we are ready, His gift comes. Obedience now means revelation and blessing afterwards.

### TUESDAY—

John 14: 1-11. "IF IT WERE NOT SO, I WOULD HAVE TOLD YOU." "I have not told the whole truth, but I have told you no falsehoods," said a doctor to a patient suffering from a fatal disease. The Saviour is perfect truth and sincerity, and when He makes a statement we know it is absolutely correct. So we can rely on His promises with our whole heart.

### WEDNESDAY—

John 14: 12-24. "I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU ORPHANS; I COME UNTO YOU." (R. V. margin) Only those who may have lost good, loving parents know the full sorrow of orphanhood. The Saviour knew how broken-hearted His little band

of followers would be after His death, so He promised to return to them in the Person of the Holy Spirit, and to abide with them always, giving loving comfort beyond that of any human parent.

### THURSDAY—

John 14: 25-31. "THE COMFORTER . . . SHALL . . . BRING TO YOUR REMEMBRANCE ALL THAT I SAID UNTO YOU." Only those who have experienced it know the wonderful comfort and inspiration, and sometimes rebuke, which comes from a few words of Scripture suddenly sent into the mind by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Well-known passages appear with indescribable freshness and the soul feels as if God were speaking the words to itself alone for the first time.

### FRIDAY—

John 15: 1-15. "NOT SERVANTS . . . BUT . . . FRIENDS." Servants, employees of any sort work for wages, and leave when they wish. But a real friend gives wholeheartedly of self and time and money, and desires nothing in return but love and companionship. The Lord wishes to promote us from being servants to friends. The friends of Christ do not desire even His gifts, but only His fellowship and presence.

### SATURDAY—

John 15: 16-27. "THESE THINGS I COMMAND YOU, THAT YE LOVE ONE ANOTHER." Though the Saviour is our Friend and Redeemer He is our Lord and Master too. As our King He has a right to give His commands. Are we careful to keep the Ten Commandments and to "love one another?"

place. Her astonishment grew, however, when Jesus spoke His words: "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water!"

Her sense of mystery, coupled with respect, made her reply: "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep; from whence then hast thou living water? Art thou greater than our father Jacob, which gave us the well?" Then it was that Jesus spoke to her of the water that is a well, "springing up into everlasting life."

Now, whether or not the woman fully understood this saying we cannot tell, but her soul seems full of deep desire as she utters: "Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither (all this way) to draw."

### A Gift of Living Water

The well to which the woman came was not the only one where she might have obtained water. She could have gone to Sychar, but Jacob's well water was famous for its health-giving power and purity. There was also pride of ancestry, which was a factor in her coming to this particular well; but the greatest reason was only brought out when Jesus replied to her desire for "living water."

"Go, call thy husband, and come hither."

"I have no husband," she replied. "Thou hast well said, I have no husband" said Jesus, "for thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband; in that saidst thou truly."

"Sir!" cried the woman, "I perceive that thou art a prophet!"

In this intriguing story, found in John 4: 20-26 there is profound teaching. The history of Samaritan and Jew is in verse 20, but there is eternity in the next four verses. Race, class, place and time are now seen to be no longer priority matters. The Father God is eternal, and He is seeking worship from those who have been made spiritually whole and true! The woman was impressed and sought to idealize it all, speaking of the full knowledge which should come when the Messiah arrived. Quietly would come the declaration of Jesus to her: "I that speak unto thee am HE!"

The rest of the story contains the woman's testimony to having found the Christ, and the consequent coming of the Samaritans beseeching Jesus to stay with them, for they said: "Now we believe, not because of thy (the woman's) saying, for we have heard Him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

There is a lesson for the mid-twentieth century folks in this old incident. God is still to be found only by those who in "spirit and in truth" seek to worship Him, for only thus will our testimony be effective in a world that has built its own temples and worships its false gods. Only thus will men seeking for the ideal hear the voice of the Saviour speak the words of Eternal Life, "I that speak unto thee am He."

### "PRAY"

"In everything by prayer and supplication, let your requests be made known to God."

WHEN smiles shine down from Heaven above,

And bathe us in God's tender love,  
Pray!

When we have witnessed to the right  
And pointed men to Heaven's light,  
Pray!

When folks around, our peace molest,  
And we are being put to test,  
Pray!

When darkest dread comes o'er the soul,  
And waves of tempting o'er us roll,  
Pray!

When seems we cannot find our way,  
And from our Lord we go astray,  
Pray!

When disappointment is our lot,  
And "His appointment" oft forgot,  
Pray!

When loved ones dear go on before,  
We miss their presence more and more,  
Pray!

When we are chastened by God's hand,  
And disciplined at His command;  
Pray!

— George Tester, Essondale, B.C.

Do not treat it as A JOKE, when you are asked the vital question:

## ARE YOU SAVED?

Your interrogator is sincerely anxious to help you, if bound by evil habits, and if your soul has not been awakened to new life in God.

LISTEN to the sound advice of those who know, for they will tell you that by repentance (being truly sorry) for wrongs you have done, and faith in Christ's redemptive work on Calvary's cross, the guilty past will be forgiven and new power supplied daily to live victoriously over sin.

The Saviour said, "HIM THAT COMETH TO ME I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT."

## Coming Events

### Commissioner and Mrs. W. Booth

Toronto: Sun Aug 31; Eglinton Park (Twilight open-air rally)  
Toronto: Sat-Sun Sept 13-14 (Cadets' welcome)  
Newfoundland: Tues-Tues Sept 16-23  
Quebec: Thurs Sept 25; (Men's Social Service Centre Stonelaying)  
North Bay: Sat-Sun Sept 27-28 (Soldiers' assembly)  
Brandon: Sat-Sun Oct 4-5 (Soldiers' assembly)  
Toronto: Sun Oct 12 Evening: People's Church  
Toronto: Thurs-Tues Oct 16-21 (Annual Congress)

### Colonel C. Wiseman

Toronto: Sat-Sun Sept 13-14 (Cadets' welcome)  
Park Extension, Montreal: Sat-Sun Sept 20-21 (Re-opening services)  
Hamilton Citadel: Sat-Sun Sept 27-28  
Toronto Congress Oct 16-21  
(Mrs. Wiseman will accompany)

### MRS. COLONEL C. WISEMAN

Toronto: Mon Sept 29 (League of Mercy gatherings)

### Lt.-Colonel C. Knaap

Montreal: Sat-Mon Aug 30-Sept 1;  
Grandview, Vancouver: Sept 20 and 21

Brigadier G. Hartas: Brampton Sept 21;  
Dunville Sept 28

Brigadier F. Moulton: Prince Rupert Aug 30-Sept 1; Kitimat Sept 2; Prince George Sept 4; Edmonton Sept 6-8; Toronto Temple Sept 21 (a.m.)

## TRAVELLING?

Ocean passages arranged to all parts of the world.

Passports secured (Canadian or British)

Foreign Railway Tickets procured  
Accident and Baggage Insurance  
Underwritten by The Salvation Army Immigration and Travel Agency, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, EM 2-1071; 1620 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal, P.Q., WE 5-7425  
2495 East 7th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C., HA. 5328 L.

Sr.-Major A. Brown: North Toronto Sept 7; Port William Sept 13-14; Edmonton Sept 16-17; Calgary Sept 18-19; Victoria Sept 21-22; Vancouver Sept 23-25; Saskatoon Sept 27-29

Sr.-Major L. Pindred: Mount Dennis Sept 7; West Toronto Sept 20-21; Parry Sound Sept 27-28

Sr.-Major G. Wheeler: Sept 2-7: Lower Island Cove Sept 9-14; Englee Sept 23-28

Sr.-Captain J. Zarfas: Brandon, Sept 19-23; Fort William and Port Arthur Oct 8-12

Colonel G. Best (R): Argyle Sept 27-28

The Territorial Education Secretary,  
84 Davisville Ave.,  
Toronto, 7, Ontario.

Date .....

Please forward your brochure of Bible correspondence courses, giving synopses and prices.

Name .....

Address .....

## THE WAR CRY

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William Booth, Founder; Wilfred Kitching, General, Territorial Headquarters, 20 Albert St., Toronto 1, W. Wycliffe Booth, Territorial Commander.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES to any address: 1 year \$5.00. Send subscriptions to the Publishing Secretary, 471 Jarvis St., Toronto 5. Authorized as second class mail at the Post Office Department, Ottawa.

## A FARM-HOUSE VISIT

### Results In Encouraging News

THE following incident proves what we have been emphasizing in this circulation column—that valuable contacts are made by those who “get out of the rut” in their endeavours to circulate our weekly messenger of hope.

Second-Lieut. B. Harcourt of Springhill, N.S., had gone into the farm areas to distribute his papers, and found the people were eager to receive *The War Cry*.

Calling at an old-fashioned but comfortably furnished home, the elderly house-wife—after taking a copy—related an incident that should encourage league of mercy workers who leave the Army's papers at hospitals. This woman had spent a period in an Oakville, Ont., hospital, and she found that the books and magazines given her to read were anything but helpful. She was feeling depressed one day when

—in her own words—“a sweet-faced lady brought me *The War Cry*, and spoke a few kindly words. In the paper I found a poem that carried me through all my trials and tribulations.”

She concluded by saying that all the money she could give the Lieutenant would never pay for that one copy which brought so much joy.

Other corps officers are taking advantage of the fleeting summer months by venturing out into “regions beyond” to try to disseminate the Gospel among the heedless crowds. Second-Lieutenant D. Warren, of Fort Frances, has ordered another 100 copies—just for one week—and intends to distribute them at a local exhibition, with the commendable idea—as he says—of “spreading the Gospel by means of”  
(Continued foot column 4)

## 1959 Scripture Text Calendar Available



### Bringing Religion Into The Daily Family Life

MORE than ever before the Scripture Text Calendar is needed for the home. Parents are realizing the urgency of bringing the family closer to God and drawing daily upon His Divine Word for successful and happy living. They know it is just as essential to look after the spiritual welfare of themselves and their sons and daughters as it is to meet physical needs, and they are finding this lovely and inspirational religious calendar so helpful in doing this. Hundreds of thousands of families each year are finding the “text for the day” and the other inspirational features of the Scripture Calendar helpful in removing depression of spirit, giving new life to the soul, showing to what heights we may soar if we will put on the wings of faith and love. It is a calendar which should be a “must” in every home.

#### FOR SERVICE — FOR PROFIT

Distributing these lovely calendars among the families of the community is rendering a real Christian service. You will be spreading the Gospel to many who would not otherwise be reached, bring joy and gladness to the hearts of many, and be making your community a better place in which to live. People everywhere are conscious of their need for spiritual help and guidance, and will be grateful for the opportunity of securing this calendar.

#### ENGLISH EDITION, SINGLE COPY, 45 CENTS EACH

#### QUANTITY PRICES TO AGENTS AND CHURCH ORGANIZATIONS

Quantity	Each	Cost	Sells for	Profit
25 Calendars	.34	\$ 8.50	\$ 11.25	\$ 2.75
50 "	.31	15.50	22.50	7.00
100 "	.29	29.00	45.00	16.00
200 "	.28	56.00	90.00	34.00
300 "	.27½	82.50	135.00	52.50
400 "	.27	108.00	180.00	72.00
500 "	.26	130.00	225.00	95.00

Foreign Language Editions printed in German, Swedish, Norwegian.

Price .50 each.

#### CALENDARS NOT RETURNABLE

TRADE HOURS — Monday to Friday, 9-4:45; Saturday, 9-12

The Salvation Army Trade Hdqrs., 259 Victoria St., Toronto 1, Ont.

## MISSING PERSONS

The Salvation Army will assist in the search for missing relatives. Please read the list below, and if you know the present address of any person listed, or any information which will be helpful in continuing the search, kindly contact the Men's Social Service Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto; marking your envelope “inquiry.”

BENGTSON. Two brothers of Magnus Bengtson in Norway. Parents names Bengt and Karoline, nee Lundmoen. Nephew wishes to contact any relatives in Canada. 15-075

BORRUD, Alf Olenus. Born September 25th, 1883 in Norway. Last heard of in 1948. Sister-in-law in Norway inquiring. 14-150

COSTELLO, William E. Aged 52. Left May 1958. Believed to be in Winnipeg area. Wife and family very anxious. 15-084

GEACH or HANNON, Mrs. Margaret. Born approx. 1910 in Toronto. May be divorced. Usually works in hospital or restaurants. Last heard from 1948. Last address given, Gamma St., Alderwood. Son very anxious to locate. 14-844

GERMAINE, William. Aged about 65/70. Last heard of in 1948 from Windsor, Ontario. Sister-in-law in England very anxious to locate. 14-639A

GREW, Basil Maurice. Known as Barry. Came to Canada 1950. Last heard of in Montreal, 6894A Molson St., father in England wishes to contact. 14-828

HAWKIN, Douglas. Aged about 45. Last seen in Toronto in 1948. An old friend wishes to renew acquaintance. 15-107

HENDRICKSON or HENDRICK, Kaulo Karl. Born Feb. 28th, 1925. Last heard of three years ago, in Toronto. Was employed by the Orpheum Theatre. Mother ageing and very anxious for news. 14-973

HRYNKIW, Pete. May be called RYKI or RYNKI. Stated to be in the hotel business in Alberta. Niece anxious to locate. 15-086

JEPPESEN, Viggo. Born 26th April, 1898 in Denmark. Carpenter. Last heard of in 1939 at 1255 Melville St., Vancouver, B.C. Mother in Denmark anxious for news.

JOHNSON, Patricia. Aged 15, could easily pass for 17. May have gone to Montreal. May seek work in the tobacco fields. Parents very anxious. 15-108

LANGLOIS, Herbert Ross. Born October 22nd, 1937. Believed to be working on boats in the Vancouver area. Mother very anxious for news. 14-837

LESZCZYNSKI, Mrs. Lydia. Born 26th Oct., 1927. Milliner by trade but may be working in a restaurant. Last heard of in 1955 in Toronto. Husband inquiring. 15-039

MARTIN, Dorothy May. Born July 1940. Last heard of in Windsor. Mother anxious. 14-909

MOORE, John William. Aged 52. Carpenter. Walks with a limp. Left home in Springhill, N.S., in 1955. Has been seen by some friends in Toronto, in May, 1958. Daughter inquiring. 15-082

PARKES, Harry. Born June 24th, 1887. Tool maker by trade. Last heard of in 1940. Wife inquiring. 15-110

RAMSAY, Mrs. Florence. Aged about 40. Last heard of in 1956. At that time in Toronto. Mr. David Neill may be able to give assistance. Son has just arrived in Toronto, and wishes to locate. 15-089

RENALDO, Mr. Leon. Born Nov. 19th, 1908. Previous name Magnus I. Persson. Believed to be in the Vancouver area. Mother in Sweden anxious for news. 14-379

RUSSELL, Allen Gregory. Aged 23. Born in England. Has belonged to a dance orchestra. Last heard from in 1954, in B.C. Father in England anxious to locate. 14-476

SPOONER, Sybil Davina. Born at Darjeeling, India on 1st July, 1926. Last heard of in 1955, at that time residing in Vancouver. Mother in England very anxious for news. 13-078

STRAYHON, Vera. Aged about 37. Worked at one time in an old people's home in Rosedale area, Toronto. Last heard of about one year ago. Mother worried. 14-969

WALL, Raymond. Aged 56. Millwright. Last heard from October 8th, 1940 in the Vancouver area. Sister anxious to locate for family reasons. 14-922

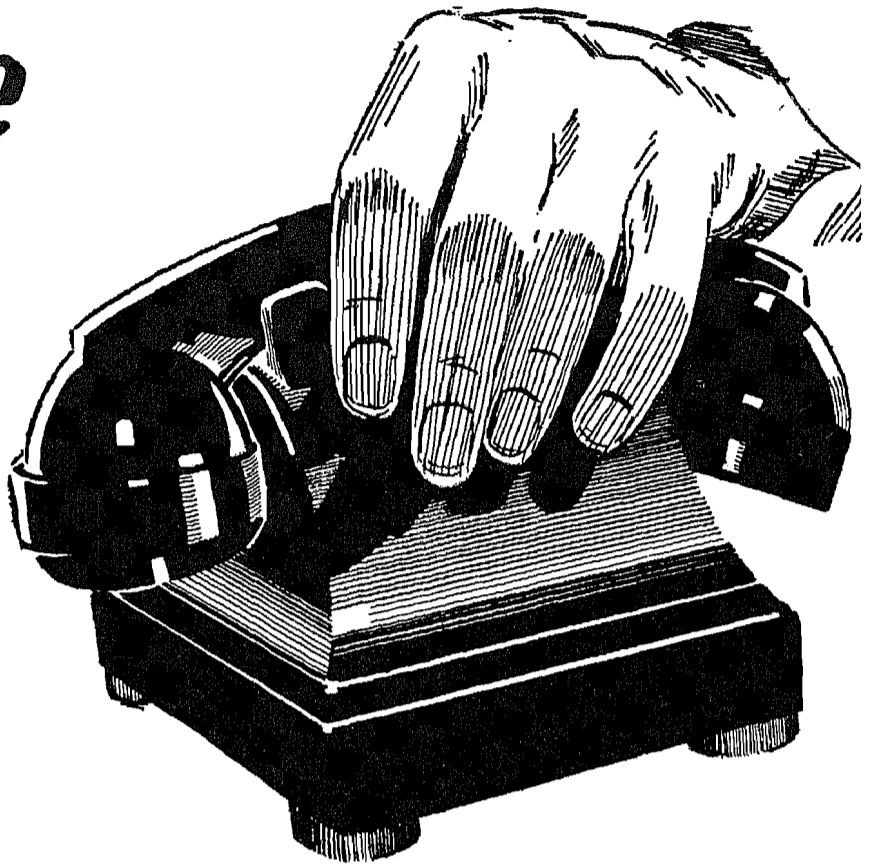
(Continued from column 3)  
the printed word.”

Officers and heralds—don't let the warm days slip by without doing something to reach the needy people—those who are hungering for some wholesome message—one that will prove a ray of hope in these gloomy times. A wire to the publisher, 471 Jarvis St., Toronto, will work wonders. DO IT NOW!

#### GOOD NEWS BY WIRE

Two wires for increases in the weekly WAR CRY order have come to hand — one from 1st-Lieut. B. Harcourt, Springhill, N.S., for an additional twenty, and another from Captain C. Janes, Dauphin, Man., for an extra fifteen copies.

# When the Phone Rang



**W**HEN the phone rings in a Salvation Army men's hostel it could mean anything. It might be a bakery inquiring about the day's supply of bread, or a furnishing's firm speaking about a delivery of blankets. Or it could be something of poignant interest—the police asking if the Army will take in a bit of human flotsam and jetsam; a wife appealing for news of an errant husband, or the jail warden passing on a request from one of his charges for an interview by the "Army man".

When the insistent clamour rang out in the office of the Winnipeg Men's Hostel, Brigadier John Matthews hadn't the faintest idea—when he reached out and took the receiver—what message would fall on his ear. This time it was a cultured voice coming over the wire.

## Anxious Inquiry

"Captain, I'm \*Grant Maxton, of ——. I happen to be a magistrate, down east, and I'm on my way to Vancouver with some other legal men to sit on a commission. The thought suddenly occurred to me to inquire as to whether or not my son ——" the voice suddenly wavered, then went on again—"my son, Ralph, is staying at your hostel. He—he—ran away from home, and has completely disappeared."

The name clicked. "That's a coincidence, Mr. Maxton," replied the Brigadier. "I received a description of your son, together with his photograph only recently. I would not have known about him apart from that, because he is using an assumed name."

"Then he's there?" The voice was eager with a parent's wistfulness.

\* Not his real name.

"Sorry to say, no! Unfortunately, when I made inquiries about Ralph, his roommate must have told him, and Ralph was evidently afraid the news meant he was in trouble, so he has gone!"

"Gone?"

"But come up anyway! He can't be far away. We'll try to find him for you!"

A taxi soon landed at the building, and out stepped a distinguished looking man, whose worried frown spoke of his anxiety to get news of his truant son.

Seated in the Brigadier's office, he told his story. It was not of a son's crime or disgrace, but of his own undue severity in discipline. "Ralph

trial had humbled him. "Do you think we can find him?" he asked anxiously.

"We'll try!"

Then commenced a weird game of hide and seek. The Brigadier discovered the lad was working at the local fairgrounds.

They climbed into the Brigadier's car and made their way to the exhi-

of his longing for his son.

"I'm not asking you to come home, Ralph," he said, "but please keep in touch with us! We must know where you are, so that we can write you and help you. You don't realize how awful it is for parents to know their son is SOMEWHERE in the wide Dominion—and not to know where he is or how he is faring!"

Ralph sat stunned. He had not dreamed his stern parent could be so affectionate. He said little. Perhaps he was not clear in his mind as to what course he ought to take, or whether or not all this emotion was put on.

The Brigadier had prayer with them, and he and Ralph saw the father off on the train, as Maxton and his legal colleagues proceeded to the west coast on their business. Then Ralph and the officer returned to the hostel.

## A Family Re-united

There was a happy sequel to the story. Ralph did go home! The Brigadier received an enthusiastic letter from Mr. Maxton at Christmastime, expressing his joy at their son's return. Ralph had waited in Winnipeg until his father returned from the coast, then the two had journeyed together to the Maritimes, where there was a grand re-union at home.

"Ralph has settled down wonderfully," said the letter, "and has taken up his studies cheerfully. He is working hard, and I am sure—with more understanding on my part—he will get through and make a success of life. Thank you so much for your help and especially, your prayers."

H.P.W.

"The heart of man", your heart, my heart, "is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked". It is sinful, but by the grace of God in Christ it can be transformed. Your heart can be *changed*. It can be *cleansed*. Then your life can be *consecrated* to the cause. May it be so today.

## A MEN'S SOCIAL SERVICE EPISODE

left home simply because I tried to insist on his making his grades at high school. When he failed, I suppose I was harsh with him. But how his mother and I miss him, I can never describe! He could not speak for the pent-up emotion choking his utterance.

"If I might offer a little advice," said the Brigadier, "when you find him, don't insist on his coming home. Tell him you miss him, and you'd simply like him to keep in touch with you. If you make him return, he'll only resent it."

The father nodded. His period of

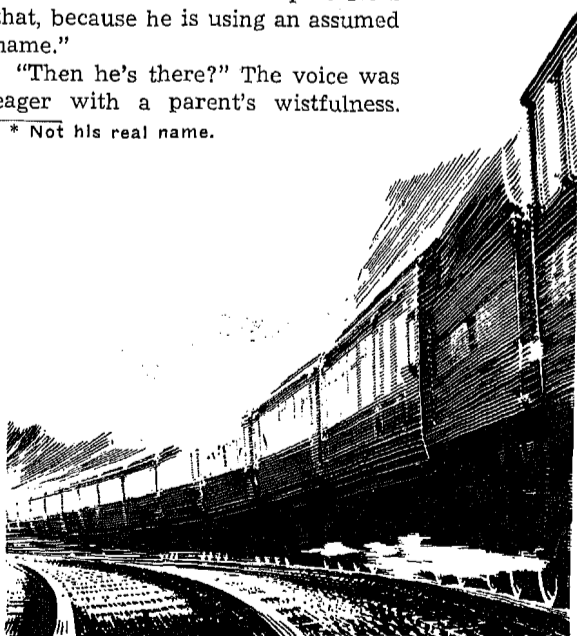
bition grounds, and went from side-show to side-show. But Ralph—like "Kilroy"—had "just been there." They even interviewed the fortune teller, for whom Ralph had worked. The woman looked at them earnestly. "If he's in trouble, I hope you don't find him. He's much too nice a lad to be punished!" she said.

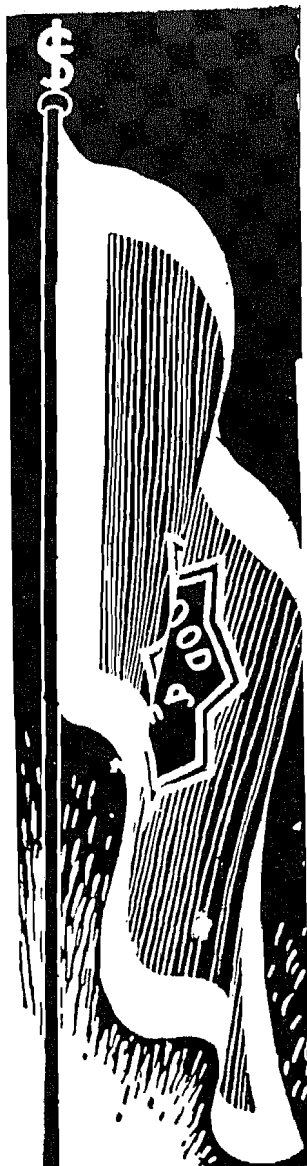
Mr. Maxton grew more and more discouraged, in spite of all the Brigadier could do to cheer him. At last even the officer was compelled to admit that their search had been fruitless, and he turned his car back to the hostel again.

## Captured!

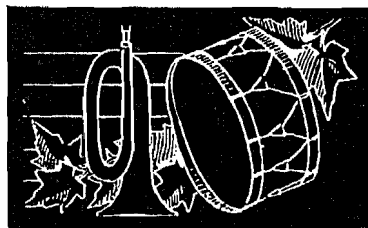
"There he is!" The magistrate pointed excitedly to a youth who stood just at the door. As soon as the boy heard the shout, and saw his father, he dashed through the doorway. But father-love makes the mind (and legs) work fast. Maxton ran round to the back door and when the Brigadier, following more slowly, came up to him, he had his arms around his boy in a tearful embrace. Ralph looked astonished. Expecting stern reproach—like the prodigal of the Bible story—he had found love.

The trio met in the Brigadier's office, while the father poured out his heart, telling the boy how sorry he was that he had been so strict, and how he and his mother had missed their lad. He remembered the officer's advice even in the midst





"LIFT  
IT  
HIGHER"



### For Your Solo Book

(Or for Congregational Use)

"THE NIGHT COMETH, WHEN NO MAN CAN WORK." — John 1x.4.

WORK, for the night is coming,  
Work through the morning hours;  
Work while the dew is sparkling,  
Work 'mid springing flowers;  
Work when the day grows brighter,  
Work in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labour,  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies.  
Work till the last beam fades,  
Fades, to shine no more;  
Work while the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er.

— A. L. COGHILL  
(Composed in Canada)

No fewer than five bandmasters have left West End Corps, Queensland, Australia, over the years to enter the training college. The first is now a Brigadier, the second is a Sr.-Major, the third is a Sr.-Captain, and the fourth is a 2nd-Lieutenant. The fifth one, Cadet Derrick Jessop, is bandmaster of the Sydney Training College band.

## A Section For Musical Readers

### NEWFOUNDLAND MUSIC INSTITUTE

THE 1958 Music Institute for Newfoundland came to a successful conclusion on Sunday evening, August 3rd. Students from ten to sixteen years of age came from many parts of the province, some as far as Corner Brook, Buchans, Grand Falls, Windsor and Lower Island Cove.

Quite a number of students who could only play the C scale attended their first music institute. These were formed into a beginners' band, a new experience for many of them this year and, by the end of the week they were playing a hymn-tune before an audience of 300 people at St. John's Citadel, in a Sunday night "after-glow" musical meeting.

The Provincial Commander, Lt.-Colonel E. Fewster, was the music director for the institute, assisted by Major and Mrs. W. Ratcliffe, Brigadier S. Gennery, Bandmaster F. Oakley, (Grand Bank), Bandmaster C. Brown, (Corner Brook East) and many other comrades. Sr.-Major G. Wheeler (Spiritual Special) was chaplain.

Wednesday afternoon the students

were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Pippy at their lovely summer home, about fifteen miles from St. John's, and took full advantage of their private swimming-pool.

The winners of the solo contest were as follows: Instrumental "B" class, C. Patey, Lower Island Cove; "C" class, D. Piercey, St. John's Citadel; Beginners' class, T. Pollett, Buchans. Top student awards were: Instrumental, E. Moulton, St. John's Citadel; Theory, H. Elliott, Buchans; Honour Student, R. Ratcliffe, St. John's Citadel.

#### Many Surrenders

On Sunday morning a spiritual meeting was held in the upper room at the provincial headquarters, a time long to be remembered. The Holy Spirit came to many hearts

### THE ARMY'S REAL BUSINESS

A BANDMASTER correspondent in *The Musician* answers a previous letter thus: "It is rather sad to read a plea for our bands to 'give the people what they expect—the Gospel message'. Surely we should leave no doubt in people's minds as to what our business really is. When they enter our halls for Army meetings and festivals the message should be presented to them loudly and clearly, for that is our full-time task. If, on the other hand, people merely want entertainment, when they can obtain it elsewhere, in a fuller and better measure from those whose job it is to entertain.

"If we try to beat the world at its own game we are defeated from the outset and shall neither save nor entertain. There are plenty of 'outside' bands to play 'Beautiful Dreamer' and 'Jeanie with the light brown hair', without Salvation

### NAME THIS SONG

(Give general title, first line of any verse or chorus)

Apt or well-known phrases or expressions:

"Pardon and peace to all."

"Take up the torch and wave it wide."

"Trivial round, the common task."

"Trusting Jesus, that is all."

#### ANSWERS

(Numbers, if in THE SALVATION ARMY SONG BOOK, are given.)  
"Simply trusting every day" (778)  
"New every morning" (612)  
"Go labour on" (673)  
"Wonderful words of life" (175).

### FROM A BANDSWOMAN

MY advice to all bandswomen (and bandmen) is to put God first. When playing, my one desire is to bless the people. I always memorize the words as I play hymn tunes and in so doing I receive a blessing myself and it must have some effect on the interpretation of the music. Many people in our beautiful district would never hear the message of the Gospel if it was not for the band, and I can truthfully say that I find pleasure in His service more than all.—Testimony in *The Musician*, Australia.



CANADIAN BANDS RECENTLY RESPONDED to an invitation to help secure instruments for Habana (Havana), Cuba, where a former Canadian officer, 1st-Lieut. David Gruer and his wife are stationed. The photograph shows the group of young men who will benefit from the help given. New instruments have also been purchased. The Lieutenant (holding drumstick) and a comrade officer are in front.

and the altar was lined again and again with young seekers.

Bandmaster Walter Dinsdale (M.P.) and Mrs. Dinsdale conducted a recent Sunday morning meeting in the men's home, Brandon, Man., which was much enjoyed. A young couple with three children going from a Bible institute to take an appointment met with an accident in this vicinity. They were taken in and looked after until repairs were made to their trailer.

A dictionary of hymnology states that the number of hymns published in 200 or more languages of the world, would not be less than 400,000.

Army combinations wasting their time on them. My feelings on these matters are very strong and I know I am not alone in voicing them; the Army's business is to proclaim the Gospel all the time and, if we fail, we fail in our duty to God and the people.

"'Tis all our business here below. . . . To cry, behold the Lamb! Let us beware, or we fail!"

The guests of the Edmonton Eventide Home are enjoying to the full the frequent half hour piano recitals rendered by Envoy Wm. Eadie, who is in charge. Many Salvationists give freely of their talents in other institutions.

THE "BEST YET" season in Manitoba's Sandy Hook Music Camp history finished recently with the taking of this picture of the faculty and students with the Divisional Commander, Brigadier A. Moulton, Mrs. Moulton and assisting comrades. Guest conductor was Emil Soderstrom, well-known composer of Army music.



## EVANGELISTIC ACTIVITIES

The sight of one seeker at the mercy-seat encouraged the new officers at **Fort Frances, Ont.** (2nd-Lieut. and Mrs. D. Warren) and made them and the comrades feel that God's seal was set upon their appointment. The Divisional Commander and Mrs. Brigadier A. Moulton led another Sunday's meetings, and other visitors were Mrs. Warren's parents, Sr.-Major and Mrs. H. Majury, and Sr.-Major Lodge, of an American territory.

The Brigadier gave a helpful message in the holiness meeting and, at night, a lively open-air rally and march preceded the indoor gathering. The officers and comrades from International Falls were present. The Brigadier's Bible lesson was used of God and six souls surrendered, one for salvation, two for restoration and the remainder for re-consecration.

\* \* \*

The need for expansion was never more apparent at the **Toronto Harbour Light Corps** (Sr.-Major and Mrs. J. Monk) than on a recent Sunday night when — stifling though the heat was — the hall was packed with men, and others had to be turned away. *The War Cry* Editor and Mrs. Lt.-Colonel H. Wood were in charge, and the commanding officer led some up-to-date testimonies. Mrs. Wood led the responsive reading and testified, and the Colonel gave an earnest Bible message, the Holy Spirit using his words to bring conviction. Several surrenders were made, and once again God's transforming power was seen. Interviews with the converts took place afterwards, and they were given sound advice and practical help.

\* \* \*

**Victoria Citadel** (Major and Mrs. F. Watson), as a special venture to try and reach as many people as possible, (and it is hoped Esquimalt will join in) will be holding special open-air meetings in all the shopping areas of the city and environs on Friday night when the stores are open. This will take the place of the usual Saturday night open-air meeting, and the change should reach a great many more people who would otherwise be missed with the message of salvation, given in the open-air.—*B.C. South Newsletter*.

\* \* \*

Regular Sunday morning and evening meetings were held at the auditorium, **Jackson's Point Divisional Camp** throughout the summer months. These were in addition to the senior and junior fellowship gatherings held daily in the periods to which they were allotted, for which Major H. Orsborn was responsible, and festivals given nightly during the music camp period.

Attendances were excellent, and often the seating accommodation of the large hall was taxed by the crowds of worshippers from nearby cottages and the officers from the adjoining rest-camp. Several seekers

were recorded, and—as in the past—many decisions were made that will bear fruit in years to come in full-time service, in better soldieryship at the various corps, or in more devout service in other Christian denominations.

Meetings were led by the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Colonel C. Wiseman, Colonel H. Richards (R), Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. H. Wood, Brigadier and Mrs. F. Moulton, and Sr.-Captain and Mrs. J. Zarfas. The Captain, who is in charge of the divisional camp, also formed and led a singing group, composed chiefly of members of the camp staff, and which proved of valuable assistance to the musical side of the meetings. Songster Ann Zarfas usually officiated at the piano.

## Promoted To Glory

Sister Mrs. Ada Orton, Portage la Prairie, Man., was converted in London, October 1905 and enrolled the next year. She emigrated to Canada in 1910 with a company of forty Salvationists, who were welcomed by the premier of the province. For many years she was a devoted worker at Neepawa, holding — from time to time — various local officers' positions. Mrs. Orton attended the home league in Portage la Prairie and also at Ellice Ave., Winnipeg.

Funeral services were conducted at the Neepawa Corps by Brigadier and Mrs. McInnes of Winnipeg, assisted by 2nd-Lieut. D. Peck, of Portage la Prairie. A group from Brandon Corps provided music. Mrs. Orton is survived by two sons — Stanley, of Portage la Prairie, and Harold, of Winnipeg.

**Brother Harry Graham**, Greenwood Corps, though away from the Lord for years, found Christ again some time before he was called away. The Commanding Officer, 2nd-Lieut. H. Roberts and Brother A. Graham of Scarborough Corps, and another comrade were at his bedside, and helped him decide for Christ. The funeral and committal services were conducted by Sr.-Major J. Monk, of Harbour Light Corps, assisted by the Lieutenant. Mrs. Captain B. Robertson sang an appropriate solo. Sympathy was expressed to the bereaved wife and son. Special mention was made in the Sunday night meeting of Brother Graham's passing.

Sister Mrs. Jessie Langridge, of Midland, Ont., had been a soldier for fifty-five years, serving in Huntsville, Mimico, Long Branch and Midland. For several years she was home league treasurer at Long Branch, Ont., and gave valuable service as a company guard. The funeral service was conducted at Midland by the Commanding Officer, 2nd-Lieut. G. Swaddling, assisted by Captain B. Marshall, Sr.-Captain A. Robinson and 2nd-Lieut. J. Smith.

## THEY ALL "MADE GOOD"

**NINE** young men, captured during the "Young Ireland" disorders of 1848, were convicted of treason and sentenced to be hanged. Their names were Charles Duffy, Morris Lyene, Patrick Donahue, Thomas McGee, John Mitchell, Thomas Meagher, Richard O'Gorman, Terence McManus and Michael Ireland.

World-wide protests moved Queen Victoria to commute their sentences to life. She yielded, and the reprieved men were sent to the penal colonies of what was then savage Australia.

In 1871 a Sir Charles Duffy was elected Prime Minister of the Australian State of Victoria. When the amazed Queen discovered that he

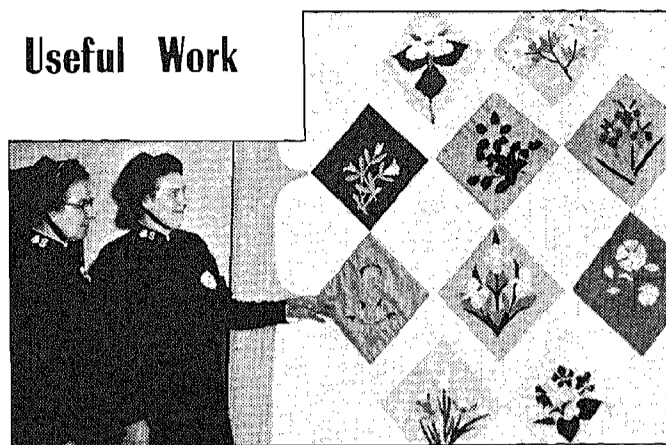
was one of the nine who had been sentenced for treason twenty-three years before, she sent for the records of the others.

She found that Terence McManus and Patrick Donahue were brigadier generals in the U.S. Army; Richard O'Gorman was Governor-General of Newfoundland; Morris Lyene, a former Attorney-General of Australia, had been succeeded in that office by Michael Ireland; Thomas McGee was president of the Council for the Dominion of Canada; John Mitchell was a prominent New York politician and Thomas Meagher was Governor of Montana.

Unfortunately, we have no record of the Queen's comments.

## Women's Useful Work

(Right): QUILT made by the Northern Ontario Division home leagues, which depicts the provincial floral emblems, is admired by Mrs. Lt.-Colonel C. Knaap and the former Divisional Secretary, Mrs. W. Pedlar.



(Left): HAVING REACHED THE BIBLICAL AGE-LIMIT, "three-score years and ten," Sister Mrs. E. Healey, of Cornwall, Ont., is still actively engaged in Christian warfare. She is seen cutting the birthday cake with which the comrades feted her; in addition, she was presented with a Bible. (Middle): International friendships were made when the Verdun (Montreal) Home League visited the league at Plattsburgh, N.Y. (Left to right): Mrs. J. West, Secretary Mrs. J. Tyrell, and Mrs. Sr.-Captain E. Holmberg, Plattsburgh; Mrs. Captain D. McMillan, Secretary Mrs. R. Owen, and Treasurer Mrs. C. Smith, Verdun. (Lower): Articles for the home league sale at Kamloops, B.C., are scrutinized by the wife of the former commanding officer, Mrs. Captain W. Hodge, and leaguers Mrs. Maxwell, Mrs. R. Robins and Mrs. Roderique.

## HIDDEN IN A PILLOW

**A** WORRIED frown on her face. Ann Hasseltine Judson examined the precious manuscript, its edges grey and warped with mould. She drummed her fingers on its pages as she was puzzled. "How shall I hide this manuscript now?"

After twenty years of untiring work, her husband Adoniram Judson had finished the strenuous work of translating the New Testament into the Burmese tongue. The work had been tedious and exhausting but the manuscript was complete, just ready for the printer, when, suddenly, in 1824 came the war between England and Burma, and Adoniram Judson was thrown into prison. The sheaf of pages, which had been so many years in translating, Ann Judson carefully buried in the earth beneath their home.

Now she had uncovered the manuscript to examine it and found the pages beginning to mould from the dampness caused by heavy rains. She'd have to find some other way of hiding the precious Book.

Then the idea flashed into her mind—a pillow. Excitedly she hummed the tune of a hymn as she hurried about the house gathering the materials she would need—a roll of cotton, a heavy piece of cloth for a cover, a needle and thread to fasten it. Placing the pages on the cotton, she rolled the batting tightly about it, then covered it with the cloth and sewed it securely.

The next morning she hurried to the prison. "Here's a pillow so you can sleep more easily," she told her husband in a voice loud enough for the guards to hear. Then she whispered, "Your manuscript of the New Testament is inside the pillow."

Nine months later, Adoniram Judson was transferred to the inner prison, and he was told that he, with a hundred other prisoners fastened to the same bamboo pole as he was, were to be killed before morning. During that terrible night, Judson spent much time in an-

guished prayer for the safety of that pillow which had been taken by the keeper of the prison for his own personal use.

Once again Ann Judson hit upon an idea to preserve the valuable Book. She brought to the jailer a softer, better pillow, and talked him into trading it for the old one.

Judson wasn't put to death, but he was taken away to another prison. The pillow which his wife had retrieved from the jailer went with him. One of the new jailors took the pillow from him and tore it apart. He kept the cloth covering but threw away the roll of cotton as worthless.

Outside the prison wall, a native Christian was walking. He stumbled over something, looked down and saw the roll of cotton. His eyes opened wider as he recognized it as belonging to his friend, the beloved missionary. Carefully he picked it up and carried it home—valuing it, not for the manuscript which he didn't know was hidden in it, but as a relic of his imprisoned master.

Months later the manuscript was discovered still intact in the roll of cotton. At the close of the war this New Testament was printed, and in 1834 the whole Bible was translated into the Burmese tongue.

A large crowd was in attendance to greet Captain and Mrs. A. Millar, missionaries on furlough from China, on a recent Wednesday evening at **Nelson, B.C.** (2nd-Lieut. and Mrs. B. Wiseman). Captain Millar showed interesting slides of his work in Hong Kong and, on the following evening was the guest speaker at the Kiwanis Club. On a recent Sunday evening a bright and spirit-filled meeting was led by Sr.-Captain and Mrs. T. Powell who are home on furlough from Medicine Hat, Alberta.

# Miracle Within Prison Walls

FOLLOWS A DECISION DURING THE CHOIR PRACTICE

THE girl was in her teens when she gave birth to Margaret. She had married a man who was considerably older, and the home in which these disastrously unsuited parents lived and tried to bring up baby Margaret consisted of one cramped room.

Yet Margaret's father was not such a villain as he would appear from this introduction. He it was who showered badly needed love upon the baby girl. The youthful mother, who could be sulky or flare into violent temper storms at the least provocation, regarded Margaret as a calamity and treated her as such.

On the day that the family received notice to quit their one room home, Margaret's mother also decided to quit—for ever. She left her husband to look after the now fast-growing girl as best he could.

The hardships which father and daughter then endured bound them even closer together. Their desperate search for accommodation—it had to be at least two rooms now Margaret was a teenager—eventually yielded a flat. Nothing luxurious, mark you, but better than nothing.

## Hard Times

Margaret's father found it equally hard to get regular employment. Often the week's income totalled no more than the seventeen shillings unemployment allowance and a five-shilling grocery ticket from a charitable organization. Through it all, father and daughter never lost their mutual affection.

Meanwhile the girl had been attending young people's meetings at The Salvation Army. She found there much happiness and friendship. She was convinced that the way of life taught there was the right one. As a teenager she joined the corps cadet brigade, a youth service which trains young people to become efficient Salvationists.

In her late teens, however, she had a typically adolescent tiff with some of her Salvationist pals. Immature and somewhat impetuous, Margaret made a mountain out of a molehill and resolved never to go near them again. She meant it, too.

Shortly after this a boy came into her life. There had been boys before; this one was different. He worked at the same factory as Margaret did. Ten years older than she, and with no time for religion in

any form, George caught Margaret still smarting from her break with her old friends and quickly moulded her to his own way of life. George was an enthusiastic cyclist and soon he and Margaret spent every weekend in touring the lovely countryside with other devotees of the cycle group.

Margaret was twenty-four years of age when, in January, 1941, her romance blossomed into marriage. Only six months later George was called up for service with the R.A.F. His absence made no difference to Margaret's Sunday activity. She made no attempt to revert to her former regular Sunday worship. She was happy to keep up the weekend cycle jaunts with her new-found friends at the club.

## A Reckless Promise

During all this time Margaret had never neglected her ageing father. He had continued to live with her, his poverty always rebuking him and being an additional drain on Margaret's slender resources. Frequently, when expressing despair about his poverty, he would plead to Margaret, "You won't give me a pauper's funeral when I die, will you, love? Promise me!"

And Margaret would promise. He died in 1943. Margaret, whose husband was now serving overseas, remembered her promise. But how to pay for a decent burial? The insurances had lapsed long since. Margaret's Post Office savings account book showed a credit balance of £11 only. She had no other money.

It was a so-called "friend" who suggested a way out, a friend for whose several children the over-generous Margaret had often bought clothing, so sorry had she felt for them. The way out? A certain means of adjusting the savings account book. Margaret was horrified—at first. But through her memory rang her father's pleading: "You won't give me a pauper's funeral, will you, love?" Grimly she made up her mind. The account was altered. Officials suspected nothing and paid her the requested withdrawals.

For weeks Margaret lived in terror of disclosure. Nothing happened. By the time the war had ended and George had returned, Margaret had almost forgotten about her dishonesty.

Then the blow fell. An official

From  
THE  
WAR CRY,  
London,  
England



A GIRL PRISONER is irresistibly drawn to the picture of Christ on the wall of the jail-chapel, and makes a surrender to Him. This was the miracle with which the story deals.

letter instructed her to present her savings account book for inspection. Margaret knew there was no escape. She felt too numbed to feel afraid. George, with whom she had not been happily reunited since his return, was more than shocked. He decided that she must face this alone.

A few weeks later Margaret stood in a police court and received her sentence—twelve months imprisonment! Penalties for robbing the Crown are always severe.

The first weeks in Holloway Prison were grim. Set to assist in caring for prison officers' rooms, Margaret found herself, in bitterly cold weather, filling coal buckets brought by fellow prisoners. The fuel was stacked in a yard and covered in snow. But her work conditions improved steadily. As a first offender she had certain privileges and her new task, cleaning a prison officer's flat, was not unpleasant. Inevitably her fellow prisoners were a mixed bunch. Some shocked Margaret, others possessed admirable qualities.

The possessor of a fine voice, Margaret was soon invited to join the prison church choir. Her immediate reaction was to refuse; she had finished with religion, she told herself. But then she relented, and was immediately glad. Singing the old familiar hymns had a strangely soothing effect upon her. There were moments when happy memories of events she had almost forgotten came flooding back to her.

One Tuesday evening, attending the chapel for choir practice, she became deeply aware of the large

portrait of Christ on the wall. His eyes seemed to penetrate her very soul. A mist that threatened to become tears clouded her eyes. Her memory went back to the day when, as a small girl in a Salvation Army hall, she had knelt at the penitent-form, sobbing and asking God to make her good. In that moment Margaret the married-woman prisoner wished she could become Margaret the little girl all over again.

Almost before she knew what she was doing, Margaret stood to her feet and hurried toward the communion rail. For several minutes the broken-hearted prisoner knelt in prayer. The Salvation Army penitent-form scene of twenty-five years ago was being repeated in her life, though with far deeper significance this time. No one said a word, though the atmosphere was tense.

When she resumed her place she had a calmness in her mind and a strength of settled purpose that she had not known for years. The deep sense of resentment which she had known since her conviction had gone. Margaret was a changed woman. Everyone said so. Not only prisoners now sought her company and confided in her, but prison officers, too, would chat at length with her.

The Prison Governor, who was almost universally liked, gave permission for Margaret to have brought into Holloway a Salvation Army Song Book. From it Margaret often sang solos in the Sunday afternoon church gatherings at the request of the chaplain.

(To be continued)

ready to make any amount of sacrifices for the cause of *The War Cry*, I offered to go and, at first-hand, secure some of these tales for the benefit of readers.

It was not convenient that year, or the next, but at last arrangements were satisfactorily completed, and I was "on my way".

\* \* \*

"What's on tonight?" The Pedlars realized I was not inquiring about local entertainment or sport. They knew I had come prepared to take part in the corps programme, and that I wondered whether a street meeting was part of the regular curriculum, as it is in many Army corps Saturday evenings.

I was right! "We take *The War Cry* into the bars first—the Lieutenant and I, then we join the Major and the comrades at the open-air stand," said Mrs. Pedlar. I was looking forward to this my first experience of hand-to-hand warfare in Bermuda, especially when I learned

## Isles Of Beauty

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that the meeting took place outside a rather boisterous dance hall and saloon.

The car was requisitioned again; we drove through the winding, narrow streets, and I had my first glimpse of downtown Hamilton. We passed some fine churches on a hill than ran down to the sea-front, and drew up in front of the citadel, which was rather obscured by scaffolding, because of extensions taking place.

"We worship in the building next door for the present", volunteered the Major. Parking his car, he went into the hall, got a few songbooks, and we walked to the foot of the street, turned left, strolled a half block and took our stand in the road-way outside a building with the high-sounding label "*The Cardinal*."

Soon a few coloured comrades, armed with band instruments,

showed up, Mrs. Pedlar and 2nd-Lieutenant Janet Swan arrived, and the Major stepped into the centre of the circle and gave out, "Wonderful words of life". I gazed with interest at the bandsmen, mostly young chaps, as they played, prayed or testified, and at the passersby or bystanders.

## To the Rescue!

About half-way through, a wild-looking drunk passed the ring, shouting incoherently. Blood streamed down his face from a gash on his forehead. Immediately, one of the comrades—a tall, well-built youth, left the ring, and quickly followed the man. I watched and saw him take the wounded one's arm and pilot him into a taxi. The Major saw my inquiring look.

"He's always going after those drunks. He specializes in first-aid and he'll fix the fellow up, and also

talk to him about spiritual things—try to get him to give up the booze and give his heart to Christ."

"He seemed to have a muscular physique?"

"He has. He used to run a gymnasium, but he felt he should give it up when he got converted a year ago. He's a good case!"

Our athletic comrade returned before the open-air closed, and his cheerful grin seemed to prove again the truth of the saying that if you want to be happy, help others; it's a sure way of finding joy.

A few young sisters, clad in white uniforms and panama hats, had taken their stand with us. The Major managed, between times, to acquaint me with some of their stories. I looked in amazement at these smiling young women, with their obvious air of peace and victory; and wondered at the grace of God in reclaiming them—veritable "brands plucked from the burning".

(To be continued)